JOHN BULL, JUNE 1, 1929
TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

No. 1198.
Vol. XLV.

OVER A MILLION SALE

Tired..Weary..Depressed....?

When work becomes a trial and listlessness takes the place of energy and zest, it is a sign of anaemia or impoverished blood—a condition you cannot afford to neglect.

Doctors know this when they prescribe WINCARNIS as a 'pick-me-up' and tonic. They know that the generous red wine, extracts of beef and malt, and the nerve-feeding hypophosphite are all necessary for the maintenance of a full blood supply. These ingredients are easily assimilated, and are rich in just those elements necessary to restore strength in the weak and maintain it in the strong.

More than 18,000 doctors have recommended WINCARNIS. What greater testimony of its worth could be given than that? Experience has proved it the supreme tonic. Get a bottle of WINCARNIS to-day.

WINCARNIS

THE WINE OF LIFE

RECOMMENDED BY 18,000 MEDICAL MEN

Aldwych

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 9s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 27s.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY.
Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. The Oldest, Largest, Cheapest and Best Wholesale Firm. Write now for Catalogue and Guide. Cochrane, Sons & Co., 2, Thomas St., Manchester.

DRAPERS.—Buy your supplies of Drapery, Linens, Bedding, Remnants, Men's Overalls, Hosiery, direct and save middle profits. Largest stocks in the Trade. List Free.—H. Clegg (Dept. B.), Turner St., Manchester. (Estab. 1910.)

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in general Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat. —H. Marks, 65, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

DRAPERY remnants for money-making. Wholesale lists free.—R. Lonsdale & Son, Dept. J.B., Textile Clearing House, Faulkner Street, Manchester.

FREE LIST to Dealers and Beginners for saleable lines in Hosiery, Drapery, Haberdashery, etc. (Wholesale only.)—Levy Bros., Dept. R., 39, Hounds-ditch, E.1.

56-PAGE CTLG. GNL. DRAPERY, 14-PAGE H.L. COAT & DRESS CTLG. These two fine Cdgs. post free. All Depts. of Lds.', Men's, Child.'s Outfitting, Household Goods, Fancy Linens, etc. New, smart and reliable goods at keenest prices. Satisfaction guaranteed. Wholesale only.—Myer & Co., 1, Wade Lane, Leeds.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time; every kind; good profits. 160-page Catalogue free. (WAY 173), George St., Birmingham.

AGENTS WANTED.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a bed-clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Parties free. —Carlisle Mills Co., Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

EARN £3 Weekly, plus Bonus.—Run Bed-clothing, Drapery and Fancy Clubs amongst Friends. No outlay. Illustrated catalogue free.—Grove Mills Co. Dept. M., Birstall, nr. Leeds.

DISTRICT CANVASSERS wanted. £5-£14 wkly. Splendid line for Capable, Exptl. Salesmen. Write, Stanley's, 56, Warton Rd., Stratford, E.15.

AGENTS WANTED, extra liberal terms, no waiting, commission paid immediately you start selling Boots, Shoes, Clothing, Stockings, &c., on credit. Apply to Masters, Ltd., Rye. (Est. 1869).

30/- FREE.—Appointments open for Agents to run Clubs for Footwear, Clothing, Household Goods, etc. Present employment not interfered with. Write for details.—MAXIMUM CLUB, 112, Maximum Works, NORTHAMPTON.

AGENCY.—Add to your earnings by representing in spare time old-established firm selling Boots, Clothing, Drapery, etc.; cash and credit; any man in regular work can apply; good commission; liberal supply samples; splendid catalogue, no outlay whatever.—Dept. J. Bessant, Bright Street, Leicester.

XMAS CLUB Agents wanted. NO OUTLAY. Chocolates, Fancy Goods, Toys. FREE GIFTS for agents. Big cash commission. Catalogue free.—F. J. Tate, 9, Heaton's Court, Leeds.

AGENTS REQUIRED.—Wholesale Bespoke Tailors, now going direct to public, require reliable men. Liberal commission paid immediately orders booked. No collecting. No outlay. Apply for pattern books and particulars.—Allsobrook, Ltd., 11, Mousell Street, Manchester.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR TRADE.—Special concentrated practical courses for every branch, including Repairs, Salesmanship and Garage Management. Call or write for advice, stating requirements and age. —The Superintendent, Automobile Engineering Training College, Sydney Street, Chelsea, S.W.3.

KNITTERS wanted to Work GOLDEN FLEECE Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 19B, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

EARN £3 £6 weekly as a Certificated Bookkeeper. Individual postal tuition, 10/- monthly. Success guaranteed. Position found when qualified or fee returned. Booklet, testimonials, prize scheme free.—City Correspondence College (D.9), 89, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

BUY LADIES' SILK STOCKINGS to sell again to friends, etc. Over 12/- in the £ profit. No order too small. Catalogue Free.—NICKSON'S, Manufrs., Broadway Chambers, London, W.6.

WANT TO JOIN THE POLICE? Study at home to pass educational test.—Write, Secretary, Police Correspondence College, Kew, Surrey.

100 BOYS, 15 to 18½, wanted monthly for Australian farms. Great prospects for strong boys of good character. Advanced passages.—Write or call O.S. Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10; Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaign Experts. Advice free. Prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. 'Phone: Chancery 8113.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Programmes at 3/3 per 1,000. Samples for all trades, with list of 887 prices, sent for 3d. postage.—Mead & Son, Room 60, Sandy, Bedfordshire.

CHEAP Printing.—1,000 Cards, Billheads or Handbills from 2/6. Other Cheap Printing. Samples free.—Pearson's, Church Rd., Portsmouth.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS direct from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

CHINA from Works. Home Outfits, 32/6. Badged Ware, etc. Keenest prices. Clubs, Safes, Schools, Bazaars, Merchants. Cat. free. Satis. guarant'd. Liverpool Pottery, 34, Burslem, Staffs.

WALLPAPERS from mills from 2½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES 5/6 for 1¼ lb. for Socks, etc. Navy, Grey and White Yarn 3/10 lb. Post free. Patts. of Serges, Tweeds, etc.—Egerton Burnetts, W.B. Wrse, Wellington, Som.

WALLPAPERS from 2½d. roll. 150 patterns 1929 designs free.—Eclipse Wallpaper Co. (late Leeds), 21, Shields Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

"WOOLS," extra value, direct supplies, 1½d. oz. Rug Wools, 1/11½ lb. Rug Chenille, 7½d., samples free.—Newcastle Wool Co., 160, New Bridge Street, Newcastle.

A PLEASANT and enjoyable holiday can be spent touring the country on a bicycle. Readers interested in this outdoor exercise should turn to page 27.

USEFUL FREE GIFTS are offered by William Pym in the advertisement centre of page 4. No woman should miss reading this special offer.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy direct. Save middlemen's profit. Indian and Ceylon blended. Empire blend, 4 lb. 5/-, 10 lb. 12/-. Standard blend, 4 lb. 6/-, 10 lb. 13/-. No. 1 dust, 7 lb. 5/-, 10 lb. 7/-. Special dust, 7 lb. 6/-, 10 lb. 8s. All carriage paid.—Poulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

TEA, Direct from Blenders to Household, at Wholesale Prices: 1/2, 1/4, 1/8, 2/- per lb. Carr. pd. on 4 lb. Tea Dust, 7 lb. 5/-. 10 lb. 7/-. —Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, West Ham, E.

"Ride a RALEIGH—it beats everything!"

Although you may not need the easy-running and reliable Raleigh to escape from a lion, you will appreciate these outstanding qualities just the same for everyday cycling.

Accurately made bearings with diamond-hard surfaces ensure a lifetime's easy running, and the unique all-steel construction and patent pressure brazing give twice the strength of ordinary bicycles.

Why buy an ordinary bicycle when you can get a guaranteed-for-ever

RALEIGH

THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE

from 11/6 monthly or £5 . 19 . 6 cash?

With Dunlop tyres and the best of everything. Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear 20/- extra.

Send for "The Book of the Raleigh," free.

THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO., LD., NOTTINGHAM.

WALLPAPERS.—Send to the original mail order firm for the largest pattern book published, post free.—Blakey, Morris & Co. (London), Ltd., Dept. M., 52, London Rd., Southwark, London.

WOOLS, Enormous Sale, Machine, Hand Knitting, 1½d. oz., Rug 6½d., 1/-, 1/6 lb. Guide 600 smpls, free.—Scotia Wools, 158, New Bridge Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

WALLPAPERS from 2½d. roll. Send for big 1929 pattern book free.—Non-Combine Co. (Dept. 5), 211, North Street, Leeds.

RUBBER STAMPS, DATERS, STAMP PADS. Lowest prices. Catalogue Free.—WAUNSTON TRADING COMPANY, MORRISTON, GLAM.

The world-famous TRIUMPH AUTO-PIANO is now within the reach of all. An exceptional offer appears on page 27.

DRESS.

BABY'S Better Quality 85-piece Layette 29/6. Best materials, Best Bargain. Mat. Coats, Shawls, Robes, Gowns, Nighties, Vests, Flans., Naps., Barras, Towels. Purchase from a Mother, 14 years' exp. Send 2/- for pcl.; appro. Cash or Terms. Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Rd., Portsmouth.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LAYETTE, 30/-; 85 home-made pieces. Contains everything from Chris. Robes to Napkins. A purchaser writes: "Delighted! I could not buy your layette here under 50/-." Similar letters received daily. Post 2/- now for this incomparable bargain on approval. (Cash or instalments.)—Mrs. D. Munston, 97, Lake Road, Portsmouth.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 22/6; motors, 8/6; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 135, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

VIOLINS, Drummers' Outfits, Saxophones, Ukuleles, Trumpets, Gramophones, etc., from 5/- deposit, 2/6 weekly. Lists free.—Palmers, 156, Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough.

GRAMOPHONES, Motors. Latest Internal Horns, etc. Lists free. Building Instructions, 3d. HURT'S, 188, High St., Deptford, London, S.E.8.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with Cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Totten-ham Court Road, London.

DOG OWNERS.
Write Spillers for FREE COPY OF NEW KENNEL AND APPLIANCE CATALOGUE. Everything practical, economical and dependable. Crammed with interest, information and ideas. —SPILLERS' VICTORIA FOODS, 1, Jacob Street, Bermondsey, London, S.E.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artice Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

WHEN you're feeling "all out," take a glass of Bols Very Old Geneva (in the Stone Bottle). It will give you relief at once. Keep a bottle handy and take some occasionally. Bols V.O. Geneva regulates the system for either sex.

"I SUFFERED 25 years' Bladder Weakness and Kidney Trouble—am now cured," says taker of PARKER'S FLUID REMEDY. 3/- of Boots', Taylor's, etc., or from Parker's Remedy, Ltd., 49, Renshaw St., Liverpool. Sample 6d.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING. Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

NERVOUSNESS. A remarkable book on genuine cure of Self-consciousness, Blushing, Depression, Weak Nerves, Insomnia, Morbid Fears, etc. Recommended by Editor of "Health & Strength", sent privately for 3d. only. — Henry Rivers (J.B. 52), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

SUFFERERS from Rheumatism and Gout should try DR. LLOYD'S CELERY COMPOUND TABLETS, containing Celery and Vitamins, which dissolve Uric Acid and give instant relief. 1/3 and 3/- all Chemists, or from J. B. Holt, Green and Co., Mark Lane Station Buildings, London, E.C.3.

THE advertisement of Mr. WILLIAM SHADFORTH on page 3 (opposite) is worth a few minutes' study. The Prescriptions can be obtained post free, and the prices are clearly marked.

THE FEEN-A-MINT advt. on page 24 is worth the attention of every reader. A free sample is offered. Simply send a postcard.

BALDNESS CURED.—ATEKA grows New Hair within EIGHT DAYS. Guaranteed genuine Stops falling hair. Cures dandruff. Large bottle, 5/-.—Ateka Co., 27, Old Jewry, London, E.C.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 353, Oxford Street, London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

FOR MOTORISTS.

GOOD used Tyres from £1 ea., C.O.D., approv. New Tyres for wkly. payments. Inquire, stating size, London Car Co., 82, Theobalds Road, W.C.1.

TO ALL ELECTORS.

A PARTY THAT RISES ABOVE Parties yet touches the heart of all—THE HUMANITARIAN PARTY. Urge your new Member of Parliament to support the following measures: PROHIBITION OF ALL VIVISECTION EXPERIMENTS BEFORE STUDENTS. (They have been condemned by many prominent members of the medical profession.) SUPPRESSION OF GRANTS OF PUBLIC MONEY FOR EXPERIMENTS ON LIVING ANIMALS. At present large sums of public money are expended every year on vivisection experiments, which are not only considered morally offensive, but entirely futile, by large numbers of the public. During 1927-1928 the sum of £148,000 was allocated by Parliament to Medical Research, largely consisting of experiments on animals. APPLY for PARTICULARS and INFORMATION to the ANIMAL DEFENCE and ANTI-VIVISECTION SOCIETY, 38, Old Bond Street, London, W. 1. President, the Duchess of Hamilton; Hon. Director, Miss Lind-af-Hageby; Secretary, Miss L. K. Schartau. Read "The Anti-Vivisection and Humanitarian Review" (price 6d.), published at the same address.

MISCELLANEOUS.

64-page BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Estbd. 50 years. Advice Free.—Trimnells, The Herbalists, Richmond Rd., Cardiff.

THE B.D.V. Free Gift Book will be sent to all readers writing to Gift Dept. J.B., Godfrey Phillips, Ltd., 112, Commercial Street, London, E.1. See advt. on page 25.

The advertisement of the ABBEY ROAD BUILDING SOCIETY on page 29 is of interest to all readers. Turn to it now and send for the Booklet, mentioning Dept. J.B.

BRITISH BOOKS, LTD., offer to send a copy of the "King's English" Dictionary on five days' approval. Turn to page 29 and fill in the coupon now.

GIVE YOUR HAIRDRESSER THE SACK. Why not cut and trim your own hair. The new comb for ladies and gents, advertised by J. B. Cole on page 4, is now offered at half-price. 1/- spent on this useful device will save you pounds and make you independent of hairdressers. Read the offer Now.

FREEMANS

CASH OR CREDIT

CELEBRATED SPARE TIME

AGENCY

BOOTS, Gents' and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade.
Highest Commissions Paid.

Liberal supply of samples.
Illustrated Coloured Catalogue, etc.

NO OUTLAY, A[illegible] PROFIT.
Enquiries for Agency Invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON

Mr. William Shadforth, the well-known London Chemist, states that :

250,000 people use these famous prescriptions that always bring relief

CATARRH AND INFLUENZA

Here is the Prescription that is recognised by Aural Specialists and Doctors as the most reliable cure in the world for these deadly ailments.

Shadforth Prescription No. 331/T

PILLS—composed of Paregoric Elixir, Licorice Extract, Pine Tar, Creosote, etc. Licorice loosens the phlegm, Creosote is anti-tubercular and germicidal, Pine Tar is an antiseptic, Paregoric (compound of Aniseed, Benzoic Acid, Camphor and Opium) soothes the chest. Dose—One or two pills several times a day. (Special Pills without the Paregoric supplied for children.)

NASAL WASH for Adults or Children is composed of Menthol, Thymol, Wintergreen, Borax, Carbolic, and Soda Bicarb., etc. This clears the nose and throat of the deadly catarrh mucus and destroys the germs of colds, influenza, etc. **NOTE**: Thousands of persons have discovered that the use of this Nasal Wash daily keeps them absolutely free from colds. It is worth trying at all seasons of the year.

TRY THIS IF YOU ARE SUBJECT TO COLDS.

CERM-KILLING SNUFF—This is known as Dr. Ferriers' Catarrh Snuff, and is composed of Bismuth, Acacia, and a Sedative. It soothes the inflammation in the channels of the Nasal passage that is caused by the catarrhal condition. It is to be used after the nose wash.

The total cost of this Course of Treatment is 4/6, and considering its efficacy and how often it will save a man being off work for days and weeks, the cost is very small in comparison. THE COMPLETE TREATMENT COSTS 4/6 POST FREE

DEBILITY & NEURASTHENIA

Nerve Weakness and Breakdown

A MEDICINE which ACTS LIKE MAGIC in Neurasthenia, Brain Fag, and after Illness, Colds and the 'Flu.

It dispels Absentmindedness, Debility, Depression, Despondency, Fear of Failure, Frowns, Irritability, Lassitude, Neurasthenia, Palpitation, Run Down Conditions, Sleeplessness, Weakness.

Known as Shadforth Prescription No. 470. Written by a Specialist thus :

Rp. *Phosphorus*, 1-100*th gr.* *Damiana Extract*, 2 *grs.*
Nux Vomica Extract, 1-8*th gr.* *Lecithin*, ½ *gr.*
Dispense in One Tablet.
Syn Shadforth Prescription No. 470. Directions:—Take 1 or 2 tablets with meals thrice daily.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

PHOSPHORUS, constituent of the brain. Invigorates brain workers. *NUX VOMICA* increases Energy. *DAMIANA*, Cerebro-Spinal Tonic. *LECITHIN*, natural Glycerophosphate. Used in ailments arising from defective nutrition. Price 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100), 17/- (300 tablets). THIS CAN BE TAKEN ALTERNATELY WITH THE HEART TONIC, No. 632. That is to say take No. 470 for a few days and then No. 632 for a few days and so on. (*See above.*)

BACKACHE

LUMBAGO, GRAVEL

Prescription No. 40.

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gravel, Lumbago, and many ailments arising from chill on the kidneys are promptly relieved by the following prescription, which is composed of *Potassium Nitrate, Colchicum, Capsicum, Methylene Blue, Buchu Extract, Juniper Oil, Venice Turpentine, Bearberry Extract, Copiaba Balsam.* In Tablets.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS. Prescribed by Doctors everywhere. These ingredients are kidney stimulant or diuretic, antiseptic or germicidal, anti-uric and pain-killing (analgesic). The trace of *Methylene Blue* colours the urine green. Non-purgative. Price 1/9 (50), 3/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

When nervousness and indigestion are present with the backache, use No. 42 instead. Price 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 tablets).

OBESITY

Do not despair—that slim line can still be yours by means of the successful SHADFORTH DOUBLE-DUPLEX or FOUR-FOLD TREATMENT FOR OBESITY (No. 575/DD).

It consists of (1) a hot bath every night, washing the body with the Ox-gall Soap; this removes the superficial layers of fat. (2) After the bath, the parts are well massaged with the Reducing Cream, which promotes the absorption of the sub-epidermal fat. (3) Marienbad Salts, noted as an Obesity cure, is taken before breakfast, and (4) the Seaweed Pills are taken before each meal. These, rich in halogens, stimulate metabolism and steadily reduce fat. The complete four-fold or double-duplex treatment has proved a boon to thousands of fat people of both sexes. Price 7/9 (about two weeks' treatment) and 14/6 (about one month's treatment). Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 575/DD.

AND THEY SAVE YOUR DOCTORS' BILLS.

Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, at 6d., 1/3 and 3/-. No. 2000.
Bladder, Kidney and Liver Tonic, at 6d., 2/6 and 4/6. No. 282.
Haemorrhoids, Constipation, etc., Sluggish Liver, at 2/6 and 4/6. No. 294.
Neverill Olti Salts, at 6d. and 2/6. No. 565K.
After Influenza Tonic, at 2/6 and 4/9. No. 626.
Anæmia, Weakness, Pallor, Debility, at 6d., 2/- and 3/6. No. 365.
Gout, Rheumatism, Arthritis, at 6d., 2/6 and 4/6. No. 74.
Psoriasis, Alopecia, Eczema, at 1/9 and 4/-. No. 350.
Sciatica, Neuritis, Neuralgia, at 6d., 2/- and 3/6. No. 269.
Cough, Bronchial and Nasal Catarrh, at 6d., 2/6 and 4/6. No. 331.
Nasal Catarrh Nose Wash Tablets (Prevent Influenza), at 6d., 1/6 and 2/9. No. 629TX.
Obesity, Excessive Stoutness, Flabby Limbs, at 2/6 and 4/6. No. 575.
Bad Complexion, Blackheads, Pimples, at 6d., 1/9 and 3/3. No. 642.
Dyspepsia, Flatulence and without Constipation, 6d., 1/6 and 2/9. No. 282.
Asthma and Asthmatical Cough, 2/6 and 4/6. No. 516.
High Blood Pressure, 6d., 2/6 and 4/6. No. 1129.
Hygienic Douche for Women, 2/6 and 4/6. No. 645.
Wrinkle and Grey Hair Prevention Tablets, 2/6 and 7/-. No. 344.
Anti-Tobacco Tablets, 6d., 1/4 and 2/6. No. 1078.
Superfluous Hair Remover, 1/3 and 3/-. No. 961.
Sleeplessness and Nerve Excitability, 2/6 and 4/6. No. 32.
Pile Ointment (Special), 2/6. No. 1063.
Marienbad, Obesity and Gout Salts, 1/6 and 3/-. No. 616.
Bad Blood Tonic (Special), 4/6. No. 1062.
Critical Time, "Menopause," 2/6. No. 457.
Skin Nourishing Massage Cream, 1/6 and 2/9. No. 574.
Obesity Soap (Ox Gall), 1/3. No. 986.
Corns, Corns, 7½d. No. 801.
Pimple and Complexion Lotion, 2/9. No. 785.
Obesity Massage Cream, 2/6 and 4/6. No. 635.
Neverill Nerve Cocoa, 6d., 1/6 and 2/6. No. 39C.
Catarrh Snuff (Dr. Ferriers), 1/3. No. 986.
Sulphur Complexion Soap (Special), 1/3. No. 1064.
Pile Suppositories, 5/-. No. 1057.
Bath Salts (Tonic-Pine Needle), 1/6 and 2/9. No. 892A.
Thinness, Scragginess, Loss of Weight, 6d., 2/6 and 4/6. No. 552.
Anti-Wrinkle Cream, 1/9 and 3/6. No. 20.
Bowel and Stomach Indigestion (without Constipation), 6d., 2/6 and 4/6. No. 227.
Ant-Acid Tonic "Acid" Digestive Drops, 1/9 and 3/3. No. 891.
Mustard "Anti-Pain" Rub, 2/- and 3/6. No. 913KX.
Lung Tonic Tablets, 2/6 and 4/6. No. 228.
Aspirin Tablets, Pure, 1/3 per 100. No. 541.
Bay Rum Hair Tonic, 2/9 and 5/-. No. 906A.
Anti-Wrinkle Soap, 1/-. No. 929.
Yeast Compound Tonic Tablets, 1/4 and 2/6. No. 1370.
Grey Hair Banisher, 2/6. No. 906.
Vitamin Sunshine Tonic Tablets, 1/9, 2/6, 4/7. No. 1063.
Cod Liver Oil Emulsion Tablets, 1/9 and 3/3. No. 591/T.
Premature Old Age Tonic, 3/6 and 6/6. No. 1128.
Foot Ache Tablets, 6d., 1/- and 1/9. No. 526.

COUPON

To The Shadforth Prescription Service, 63, Grove Road, Bow, E.3.

I should like to have a free copy of your book of Prescriptions, No. A.209.

Signed .....

.....

.....

Date .....
J.B.47.

INDIGESTION

ACIDITY AND GASTRITIS

For that feeling of fullness and soreness denoting Acidity, Gastric Catarrh, Flatulence, the following should be taken before each meal.

Shadforth Prescription No. 1077

The Formula

Bismuth Carb. *Soda Bicarb.* *Magnesia Carb.*
Carminatives—Aniseed, Peppermint, etc. In Tablets.
It is known as **SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION No. 1077.**

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

BISMUTH soothes and heals the catarrhal surfaces of stomach and bowels. It is also absorbent. MAGNESIA is antacid. SODA BICARBONATE is antacid, ANISEED and PEPPERMINT act as carminatives.

This prescription is a non-purgative. Avoid fried, oily foods and excess of starchy foods for a few days. Dose—2 tablets before each meal. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long, sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change.

Price (72 Tablets) 1/4, (144 Tablets) 2/6.

Where the Indigestion and Acidity is Exceptionally Uncomfortable and Painful, take the Special Prescription for Painful Dyspepsia, No. 15; in addition, viz., 2 tablets No. 15 and 2 tablets No. 1077 before each meal, and the pains will rapidly disappear. Prescription No. 15 costs 1/9 (72), 3/3 (144 tablets).

If constipation is also present, use No. 2000 and No. 565K occasionally (see middle column).

BLOOD TROUBLES

which manifest themselves in a variety of ways at this season of the year, are effectively healed with

BLOOD PURIFYING Sarsaparilla Compound Tablet.

Shadforth Prescription No. 500/G.G.

Sarsaparilla Extract, 2½ *grains*; *Guaiacum Resin*, ½ *grain*; *Barbados Aloes*, ½ *grain*; *Mezereon Extract*, ½ *grain*; *Licorice Extract*, ½ *grain*; *Sassafras Oil, a trace;* in each Tablet.

Adult dose: 1 (or 2), with meals. Children: ½ to 1, with meals.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

Sarsaparilla is a well-known purifier in blood affections; *Aloes* is liver stimulant and laxative; *Guaiacum* purges the blood from uric acid and other poisons; *Mezereon* stimulates skin and kidneys; *Licorice* is demulcent, and *Sassafras* is antiseptic.

This formula is a safe and useful remedy for either adults or children at all seasons of the year, but especially in the Spring and Autumn. It purifies the blood, clears the skin from pimples, and promotes healthy changes in the entire organism.
Price 2/6 (72 tablets), 4/6 (144 tablets).

ANÆMIC AND NERVY children

and Weakly Persons in General will find the Shadforth Duplex Treatment (No. 48/1063) to be the best of its class.

It comprises :

(1) Malted Iron Compound Tablets (Prescription 48). *Iron Phosphate*, 1/100 *grain*; *Iron Iodide*, 1/200 *grain*; *Calcium Hypophosphite*, 1/30 *grain*; *Dried Malt Extract*, 5 *grains*. In one tablet. These are excellent for malnutrition, rickets, debility, indigestion, and threatened tuberculosis in children.

(2) Vitamin-Sunshine (Prescription 1063). *Dried Malt Extract*, 2 *grains*; *Red Bone Marrow*, 2 *grains*; *Hæmoglobin*, ½ *grain*; *Chlorophyll*, 1/100 *grain*; *Yeast*, ½ *grain*; *Iron Phosphate*, 1/50 *grain*; *Soda Hypophosphite*, 1/100 *grain*; *Potas. Hypophosphite*, 1/100 *grain*; *Lime Hypophosphite*, 1/100 *grain*. In each tablet. Doctors prescribe these for anæmia, chlorosis, chorea, debility, malnutrition, rickets, and threatened tuberculosis. These tablets provide lime, phosphorus, vitamins in those minute quantities and varieties which nature loves. As an addition to diet they often make all the difference between a healthy and a morbid organism; Chlorophyll has been termed "bottled sunshine."

Directions.—Take Prescription No. 48 for three or four days (Dose: 1 to 3 with meals) and then take Prescription No. 1063 for three or four days (Dose: 1 or 2 with meals). Repeat this alternate treatment till recovered.

Price 3/9 (about three weeks' treatment and 6/6 (about six weeks' treatment.))

N.B.—The daily use of Shadforth Neverill Nerve Cocoa is recommended as an addition to this treatment. (Costs 1/6 and 4/6 extra.)

Further information in the treatment of anæmia appears in "Health News," No. 10, Vol. 8. Price 1d.

Any portion of this treatment may be obtained separately at the list prices, which are as follows :—
Prescription 48—1/3 (72), 2/- (144 tablets).
Prescription 1063—2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 tablets).

You can obtain these Prescriptions post free at the prices named (abroad extra) from:—

MR. WM. SHADFORTH, PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST, Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd. **63 (J.B.47), Grove Road, Bow, LONDON, E.3**

Branches: 168, *High Street, Walthamstow, E.17*; 409, *Barking Road, East Ham, E.6*; 18, *Durban Road, West Ham, E.15*; 5, *Ashton Parade, Chadwell Heath*; 2, *Heath Park Parade, Gidea Park*; 1148, *Green Lane, Becontree Heath*; 44, *London Road, Romford*; and 49, *King William Street, London Bridge, E.C.4.*

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(2) (4)

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FREE A Waving Comb will be given free to all sending for above.

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2 SHIRTS 4/9

TWO FOR 4/9 POSTAGE 6d.

Half Cost of Material Alone. To advertise our 250-page Catalogue of over 1500 Govt. bargains, we are making a special offer to readers of this paper of 2 guaranteed shirts for the advertising price of 4/9, post 6d. This is less than half the price that you could purchase the material alone.

In fancy stripes of strong flannelette, full cut, gusseted and double yoke, and made for strong, hard service.

Remember, cash refunded if you do not consider these shirts honestly worth double. Send to-day, stating size of neckband, and you will receive them per return, together with our catalogue of working men's many bargains.

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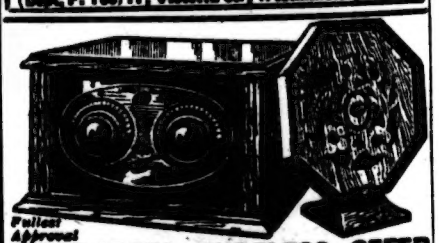

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WONDERFUL WAY TO HEALTH.

On page 3 Mr. Shadforth advertises many safe specifics for various ailments, and offers a free book of prescriptions.

His is the largest business of its kind. You simply SEND BY POST for whatever you require, and may be sure of fresh drugs of great curative value.

Cut the coupon out of the Advert. on page 3.

£500 AWARDED IN "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD COMPETITION No. 12

NO correct solution was received for "John Bull" Crossword Competition No. 12. The following competitors sent in solutions containing one error only and to each of these, subject to the conditions of the competition, a cheque for £62 10s. will be dispatched:—

Mrs. H. Biggs, 15, The Street, Oaksey, Swindon.
A. E. Hemmens, 10, Beaconsfield St., Barton Hill, Bristol.
Miss N. Lockyer, 118, Commercial Street, Newport, Mon.
R. McCallum, 33, Taylor Street, Kirkdale Liverpool, Lancs.
Miss Muldoon, 24, All Saints Road.
(Please forward full address immediately.)
W. Taylor, c/o Phillips, 7, Dowanhill Street, Partick, Glasgow.
Mrs. R. Turner, 4, Eriot Crescent, Perth, N.B.
H. Warrington, 41, Harrowden Rd., Tinsley, Sheffield.

Another £500 X-Word appears on this page

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I will train you in your spare time to enter this interesting, uncrowded profession.
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Our Furs are made up from the choicest skins, and in appearance, make and finish are all that really high class furs should be. Above all, every fur is marked at a genuine money-saving price.

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JOHN BULL'S SQUARE & FAIR CROSSWORD

£500 MUST BE WON

QUICK RESULTS

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY FOR ALL

ENTRANCE FEE 6d FOR TWO ATTEMPTS

Only One Sixpenny Double Entry Allowed from Each Competitor.

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY (NOON) JUNE 6TH.

Solution of Puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, JUNE 13th.
Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, JUNE 20th.

QUICKER RESULTS! EASIER THAN EVER! NO CLAIMS REQUIRED!

RESULT of John Bull X-word No. 12 appears on this page.

"John Bull" will pay £500 for a correct solution, on one Form, of "John Bull" Crossword No. 15 which is given below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts.

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY (Noon), June 6th. No entries for this competition accepted afterwards. Post Early!

Read the following Rules and Conditions carefully.

1. Fill in puzzle below IN INK, and your name and address in block capitals. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp and post to

"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 15),
57, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2 (Comp.),

so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, **June 6th.**

Entry **MUST** be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed & Co., and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery, and no correspondence can be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the entry forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, June 20th.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post **Tuesday, June 25th,** on which date the prize-money will be dispatched and after which date no claims will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct, the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance for £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Requests for scrutiny must be addressed to:—
The Competition Editor,
"John Bull,"
Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Form and number of Postal Order.

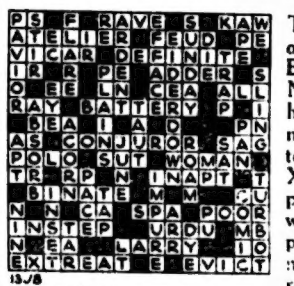
11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Ballots" entries or other correspondence addressed to "John Bull."

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Solution of John Bull X-word No. 13.



15/8

RESULT will be published NEXT WEEK

The Solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 13 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Display of anger.
4. Lunatic.
7. Opens a lock.
8. Quarter of a pint.
9. Fear-stricken.
10. Calmed down.
11. Cover.
12. Plant.
13. Cereal plant.
16. Green gem.
18. Enclosure for boats.
19. Cowboy's rope.
22. Negative.
23. Light vehicle.
28. To entrap.
27. A prickle.
28. Of greater breadth.
30. Mark of a blow.
32. To immerse.
33. One over ten.
34. Incline.

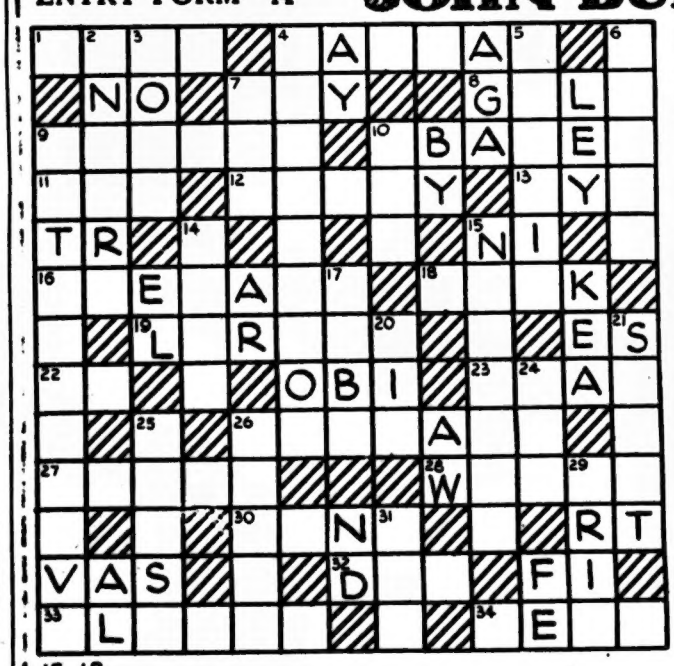
CLUES DOWN

2. Tottery.
3. Stream crossing.
4. Large medal.
5. An acid.
6. Of more years.
7. Small tub.
9. Choice of two things.
10. Donkey.
14. Dull colour.
15. Opening of the nose.
17. Flat fish.
20. A metal.
21. To spout.
24. A colour.
25. Drench.
26. To clothe with.
29. Ireland.
31. End.

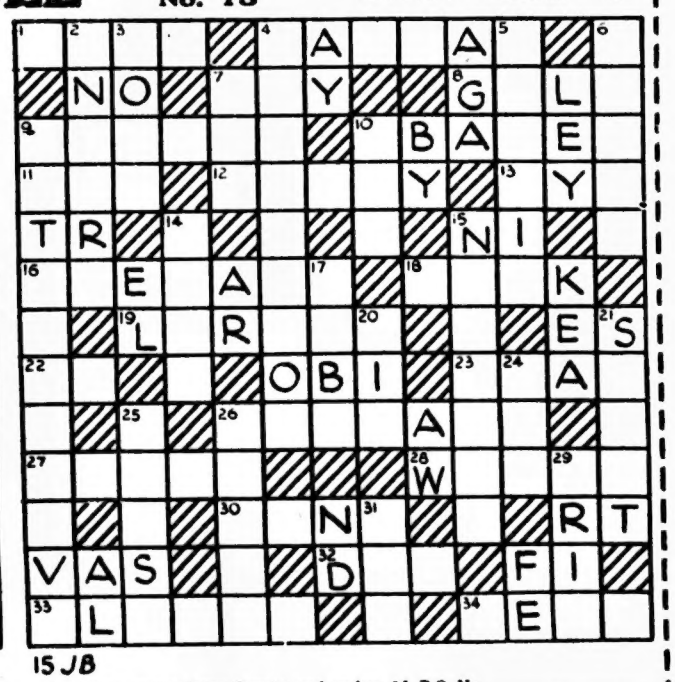
Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary were used in compiling this puzzle.

CUT HERE

ENTRY FORM "A" **JOHN BULL** CROSSWORD No. 15 ENTRY FORM "B"



15 JB



15 JB

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose 6d. P.O. No. _____

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either one OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED _____

ADDRESS _____

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY [NOON] JUNE 6th.

25 for 1/3d

I love this new "25" box...so compact...*just right for my handbag*

CRAVEN "A"

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"If you see it in 'John Bull'—it is so"

Amery Caught Bending—Ramsay's Shadow Cabinet

Mainly Gas—U.S. Wind Up

Melchett's Radium Chance

JOHN BULL has gained another big victory.

Some weeks ago we exposed the scandal of Mui Tsai, the system of child slavery in the Crown colony of Hong Kong.

We alleged that there were 10,000 victims of this traffic, many of whom had been sold by their parents into a life of prostitution.

* * *

A question was asked in Parliament, which received an ambiguous reply from Mr. Ormsby-Gore, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, and letters were addressed to Mr. Amery. The latter replied that our article was "misleading."

* * *

Now comes the news that the child-slaves have been freed by the Hong Kong Government and that employers have been warned not to hinder their departure.

So much for Mr. Amery's protestations.

Before the polls

Here is the shadow Cabinet which Labour leaders were discussing before the fateful polls.

Sir Oswald Mosley to be one of the Ministers without portfolio, at the disposal of the Premier for special missions, especially foreign; Lord Justice Sankey, Lord Chancellor (if willing); Mr. A. V. Alexander, the Co-op. member, President of the Board of Trade; Mr. Arthur Greenwood, Minister of Health; and Mr. J. B. Melville, K.C., and Sir Henry Slesser, law officers.

* * *

Mr. J. H. Thomas will take the Foreign Office; Mr. Tom Shaw the Dominions; Mr. Wheatley, Labour; and Mr. Herbert Morrison, Transport. Big gaps were also left for Mr. W. Graham, Mr. Hugh Dalton and Mr. Tom Johnston.

The bromide

Sir William Mitchell-Thomson has seen out the Government with a characteristic yawn.

When his attention was drawn by a correspondent to the fact that Lenfield, Oxfordshire, has a population of 800 and no telephone within three miles, he said he was "considering" whether he could erect a call-office there.

Sorry he's been troubled!

Journalistic thraldom

Rumour persists in the City that preparations are being made to find capital for an independent Labour daily newspaper.

The journal contemplated would not have to mould its news and views according to the passing fancies of the General Council of the Trades Union Congress or the Labour Party executive.

These bodies have reduced the *Daily Herald* to a state of servility. They pay the piper well, but—it is not a secret in Fleet Street—they call the tune to the last semi-quaver.

Which is it to be?

Why does Labour's official organ fulminate against the horrors of war in one column and in another (of the same issue) point out that when Labour was in office the number of hands employed at Woolwich Arsenal was *increased* by many hundreds?

Our friends at Tudor Street cannot have it both ways.

Gas-filled humbug

Once again there has been a postponement of the long-promised tests of the monster airships that are being built for the Government at Howden and Cardington.

Six months ago most solemn assurances were given that these two gas-bags would be flying this Spring.

Now it is announced that the airships will not be completed before autumn. Money is being poured out like water on their construction—and it is quite likely that they may prove sorry failures in the end.

The *Graf Zeppelin* has come to grief on its second attempt to cross the Atlantic to America. Do we know so much more about airships than the Germans?

Stoneheaded

They do not care such a vast amount "down under" for the pomp and state of officials from the Old Country, and Lord Stonehaven, Governor-General of Australia, has impressed nobody by his high-and-mighty attitude over the British Empire Shopping Week in Sydney.

He dropped pearls of wisdom

Not only has he refused to send a message of encouragement, but has accompanied his refusal with the remark that if anyone wants to know his sentiments they can look up his previous speeches.

If Lord Stonehaven imagines that "Aussies" are going to line up in their thousands outside newspaper offices to see what pearls of wisdom he may have dropped a long time ago, he is vastly mistaken.

It is very certain that he has said something supremely foolish now, and the sooner he stops "putting his foot in it" and comes home the better.

Why stifled?

Why has the report of the British trade delegation to Russia not been published? Is it because it does not tally with the Cabinet's views on the Russian question?

It may be taken as definite—despite contrary reports—that practically every *bonâ fide* business man who went to Russia came back impressed by the scope for British trade there.

Following this delegation, U.S. industrialists are organising a similar expedition, sponsored by the biggest American banks, among them the Chase National Bank.

Here is the most cogent reason for immediate publication of the British report.

Unless we are quickly "on the spot" American business will steal a march, and secure all the plums of Russian trade.

Party political considerations must not deprive our industry of such a vast potential market.

An unknown quantity

The first duty of the new Minister of Labour must be to give the country the full truth about unemployment.

Each month, in consequence of the unemployed passing out of insurance benefit in increasing numbers, and becoming solely dependent on poor-law relief, the official index to the labour market grows more worthless.

The returns are only those of men and women on the "live" register—in effect, those who are still in receipt of benefit.

So slight account is taken of the masses of others who have out-run the "dole" period, short-time workers, and the multitude of out-of-work and uninsured people that the so-called "live" register is now Whitehall's most moribund tome.

Wind up

America is now getting scared about the possibility of artificial cotton in England.

When the English Artificial Cotton Corporation was first formed, the U.S. cotton-growers pooh-poohed the idea. Subsequent developments have made them change their tune. They have heard that Lancashire firms are buying artificial cotton, and they are anxious.

The London correspondents of prominent New York papers have been instructed to make full investigations into artificial cotton, and the representative of at least one prominent American finance group interested in cotton has been likewise instructed.

The Americans are afraid that it may break the practical cotton monopoly they have so long held.

Impartial finance

The new Government will have to face the task of financial reform.

Mr. McKenna's suggestion to have a Royal Commission enquiry into the working of the gold standard has been refused both by Mr. Churchill and Mr. Baldwin.

The best advice in the City urges the enquiry and the next Chancellor will have to listen or take the consequences. The issue is quite outside politics. Financiers are not concerned with Parties.

That blessed word

One of the most curious words ever introduced into our industrial vocabulary is "rationalisation."

No one has ever been able to describe exactly what it means. Now the word has died a sudden and mysterious death. The fact is that the word is pure "bunk."

Part of the gospel of rationalisation is large-scale amalgamation to "eliminate overhead charges." The jargon is impressive, but the greatest industrialist in the world, Henry Ford, has no use for it.

By building up his business and leaving other people theirs he has become the richest man living.

Here's his chance

Lord Melchett has so engulfed the country's chemical industry that it is now nearly all comprised in the activities of the monster firm of Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., with a capital of £100,000,000 and ramifications throughout the Empire and the world.

His firm should explore possibilities

Now is Lord Melchett's chance to prove himself a real industrial benefactor.

The country wants radium — and it wants it cheaper than at £12,000 per gramme, the fabulous price that is being paid to the Belgian firm that has the present world monopoly.

Radium ore exists in the British Empire.

Why should not Lord Melchett's firm explore the possibilities of securing a British radium supply from British territories?

No more beneficial work could be done for the country, and Imperial Chemical Industries is the only firm with the facilities for undertaking it.

Careless guarantees

The Liberals promise that, if they ever get a chance to form a Government, they will revive the Trade Facilities Act.

If they or anyone else should carry out this project, the Act must be administered under stricter precautions than hitherto.

For example, the Government gave a guarantee of £770,000 for the Worcestershire and Staffordshire Electric Power Co., which may now pass under foreign control.

British Governments cast their bread upon the waters. Yankees find it after not so many days!

The price

The abolition of the tea duty, upon which Mr. Winston Churchill so greatly prides himself, has been a good thing—but not for everybody.

Many hundreds of men who have been employed for years in tea-bonding warehouses are now being thrown on to the streets.

Their wives and families believe that they have purchased cheaper tea at a very dear price.

IF YOU SEE IT—*(Continued)*

Strangely silent

Perhaps the shrewdest Scotsman in Government service to-day is Sir Andrew Duncan, whose salary as chairman of the Central Electricity Board has been estimated variously at between £9,000 and £15,000 yearly.

Sir Andrew Duncan . . . "has been stung by the secrecy bug"

It is fair to guess, from his persistent silence regarding the development of the wonder electricity scheme he is directing, that Sir Andrew has been stung by the Whitehall secrecy bug.

We have a right to know more than we do about the activities of a concern which has already spent millions, has borrowing powers to the extent of £33,000,000, and on behalf of which a public loan will probably soon be floated.

It is not good enough to know only that the Board has erected twenty miles of steel lattice towers in Scotland, and has just been able to supply electricity over eight miles from Bedford to Little Barford.

Brains are cheap to-day

No wonder there are firms which thrive on sweated labour when the Government sets a bad example.

Recently the Air Ministry advertised for a test assistant for experimental work upon aircraft.

The advertisement stipulated that candidates should possess a B.Sc. degree or its equivalent.

The salary offered was £3 15s. 9d. per week.

To reward brilliant brains and an expensive education with such pitiable parsimony makes us blush for the Ministry.

A peril here, too

The terrible accident at Cleveland Hospital, Ohio, has led to new precautions at many English hospitals.

It has been realised that an electric spark, not only from an X-ray apparatus, but even from a defective plug or light switch, is highly dangerous when ether is being administered.

The accidental presence of the right "mixture" will cause a devastating explosion.

There is no longer any excuse for carelessness here.

Fears and precautions

Certain powerful City and industrial interests, anticipating a situation in which no Party would have a majority, lately got in touch with Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Lloyd George to urge them to shelve their animosities.

These approaches were made in the hope that they would prevent either of these leaders from saying anything in the flush of victory or disappointment of defeat which would make co-operation impossible.

But there are Conservative Front Benchers whose personal relations with Mr. Lloyd George are so bitterly alienated that they can never sit on the same side of the table. Those are Mr. Walter Guinness, Sir Samuel Hoare and Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland.

In any case the Liberal leader himself hasn't decided on his course of action.

Nothing's really happening

While all the politicians have been absent from Whitehall the country has been run by Civil Servants. Much as we dislike bureaucrats, there are a few we cannot do without.

At present they are carrying on the work of government—and nobody notices the difference.

The truth is that we have the finest Civil Service in the whole world, and the majority of Civil Servants are individually extremely able and conscientious.

They have to be, in order to teach Cabinet Ministers their jobs when a change of Government takes place.

Under the odds

Greyhound-racing track-owners would be wise to hear a word of warning. It is to weed out at once the bookmakers in the cheaper sections of their enclosures.

The owners of tracks draw the largest part of their revenue from these parts of the arena, and it is here that their patrons are badly bled.

If the odds on a dog are 2 to 1 in the "Tattersall's" ring, the price almost invariably becomes 5 to 4 on the opposite side of the course.

There have been ructions already this season at a number of tracks, and the biggest betting certainty of the year is that there will be many and much more ugly scenes if effective action is not promptly taken.

In real form

Our racing expert, "Silver Ring," is in great form at the moment.

During the past fortnight he has broadcast, through his Code, nine good winners, five seconds, and two thirds, in twenty selections.

The everyday tipster who could boast a record as good as this would spend a small fortune advertising his wares.

Writing on the Derby on page 30, "Silver Ring" says: "Stick to Cragadour"; and he attempts to place the first four likely to flash past the judge.

Lord Astor and H. Jelliss, who rides Cragadour, have yet to win a Derby. On this occasion we hope they have the "goods."

The prudent "Pru."

The Prudential is beginning to apply the thumbscrew as regards dental treatment.

Sir George May, the "Pru's" Secretary

The most stringent efforts are now being made to reduce the amount spent on dental benefit.

Under the terms of the agreement, any policyholder who puts in for dental treatment may be referred to a regional district officer for examination beforehand.

No other insurance company demands such examinations, except in abnormal circumstances.

The Prudential is also insisting on examination *after* treatment. If the insured cannot attend the first examination—it is sometimes a matter of a forty-mile journey—he gets no treatment.

If he cannot attend the second, the dentist gets no pay.

More to follow

The "Shanghai Gesture," which lately occupied much space in the newspapers, was a filthy play, which could only be enjoyed by pornographic minds.

Yet one hears that the various little "art" societies are eagerly trying to import more filth of this nature. And at the same time they deplore the existence of the Play Censor.

Never was that official more necessary than at present.

All talkie

New fields of exploitation have been opened by the "talkies" craze to the fee-snatching gentry, who have cleaned the pockets and purses of so many thousands of film aspirants.

In the last few weeks their nets have been baited further by the promise of coaching in elocution and diction, supervised—according to one advertisement—by "tutors who have been specially engaged from the leading Hollywood studios, where they have studied the new film art from its infancy to maturity."

Those who bite will be badly bitten.

The studios, when they exist, are miserable, unfurnished rooms, and the personnel of the establishments are men whom the meanest picture-producers would disown.

O.H.M. Shylock

Income-tax officials in the Bristol area take the cake for avarice.

A reader sends our Income-Tax Expert a series of questions that were sent to a local business man, who, owing to a slump in trade, was in arrears with his income-tax payments.

Sir Ernest Gowers, head of the Inland Revenue, should curb this zeal

He was asked whether, with the view to liquidating his debt, he is willing to "pay the whole of his cash resources, retaining only what is reasonably necessary for immediate living and business expenses."

It would be interesting to know what is meant by "reasonably necessary." He is invited to sell his home and pay over the proceeds.

Failing his willingness to fall in with that cheerful suggestion, the ruthless officials press him to involve himself in further financial difficulties by obtaining a mortgage or by raising money on an insurance policy.

Such methods are common to money-lending sharks, but they seem out of place when practised by Government officials.

The infested village

Everyone is entitled to an opinion, and ours is that Sunday sport is good in its place.

But there is an exception to the rule at Hazel Grove, near Stockport, where religious bodies are protesting strongly against the noise and disturbance caused by Sunday motor-cycle race-meetings.

The motor-racing fans pay no heed to the fact that religious services are held within easy hearing of their noise and clamour.

Hazel Grove, a pretty little village, wonders what it has done to deserve this sudden invasion of its Sabbath peace.

Petted thugs

The only way to stamp out organised rowdyism is to adopt stern measures.

It is ludicrous to pass such sentences as Bailie Robertson, a Glasgow magistrate, inflicted, when he fined Alexander Watson and Thomas M'Allister, members of rival gangs, two guineas and 21s. respectively, with the alternative of imprisonment, for their part in gang warfare in Possilpark.

The "cat"—as we are tired of repeating—is the only way to deal with hooligans.

Why they should get off with a trifling fine, such as is inflicted on motorists for exceeding the speed limit, passes our understanding.

The widows told them

Candidates have been made aware of the strong feeling in the country about widows who are excluded from the pensions scheme.

Justice will have to be done to these women.

The existing anomalies are ludicrous. Widows of insured men who died before the beginning of 1926 receive no pension unless they had at that time one child or more under the age of fourteen.

Women who have been widows for ten years or more and have brought up a family without resorting to the Poor Law receive no help at all.

Poor wee bundles

The advertisement managers of Scottish newspapers should keep a stricter eye on their columns.

Thanks to the newspapers, the traffic in unwanted babies thrives. Poor little mites are advertised for adoption at premiums of, say, £20. The person who adopts the child advertises it again, making a £10 commission on the deal. And so on down the scale.

Our thanks are due to Miss White, secretary of the National Society for Child Adoption in Scotland, for exposing this shocking state of affairs.

The police—especially those in the Glasgow area—should get busy.

Break the chain

The "chain-prayer" nuisance has broken out again. Thousands of people daily are enjoined to copy out some silly doggerel and post it to seven friends.

That good luck is promised if this is done does not matter. We know that "good luck."

But the timid and the superstitious are unfairly imposed upon by the threat that bad luck will follow if the instructions are *not* carried out.

Let the dog loose

If a man, posing as an engineer, calls on you, claims relationship and endeavours to borrow money, don't be a mug and loosen your purse-strings.

Mr. "David Clarke" is an expert at this game. He has recently been trying out his brogue in Tyrone and in other parts of Ireland.

We seem to have heard of this gentleman before. Doubtless his record is as long as his tale of woe.

The microbes' Utopia

Now that summer is approaching, a stern attempt should be made to deal with the uncovered dustbin evil.

Uncovered dustbins are a prime cause of disease. In Australian cities the authorities compel citizens, under severe penalties, to keep dustbins covered. Dustcarts are of special design in order to prevent refuse flying about.

Here, in haphazard old England, we are still content with primitive dustcarts, and dustbins of a type that were used in Victoria's day.

No wonder the hospitals are overcrowded.

Russian mystery woman

A young Russian woman named Dora Ziseman has just been sent to jail for three months for being concerned with the theft of a £50 fur coat from a West End showroom.

This makes her second appearance in court this year, and a special deportation order has been made against her.

But the most amazing thing is that the authorities have no idea how she ever got into this country and "Dora" refuses to give away her secret.

Some interesting sidelights upon the alien problem will be found on another page.

His real name's Mike

If your name is in any public directory, you will receive, if you have not already done so, an elegant letter on model notepaper from Dr. Erise Lindwort, addressed from a "School of Medicine and Hygiene" in Berlin.

He offers 100 thyroid-gland tablets for 20s., five shillings to be sent with the order, and the balance to be paid cash on delivery when the pills arrive from an unnamed London agent.

A Birmingham analyst has discovered that the pellets are a concoction of oatmeal, Epsom salts, and bicarbonate of soda.

Lindwort is none other than the fradulent humbug, Michael Dunn, who two years ago, from an address in Chiswick High Road, Gunnersbury, conducted an extensive "distilled ox blood for anæmia" ramp.

His specific on that occasion was a weak blend of sarsaparilla and rhubarb juice.

PEACE PROFITEERS are the BARNACLES in ARMCHAIRS

by Sir ERNEST BENN

Sir Ernest controls one of the most important publishing houses in Britain

TEN years ago we were all swearing at war profiteers, and now the fashion has passed and the subject has been dropped. But there is a real war profiteer scandal with us to-day, whereas the thing that excited our war-time anger was a passing and relatively unimportant incident.

It often happens that public opinion will get excited about some temporary trifle while declining to notice a deep, permanent and growing evil.

The profiteers of the war period made a few hundred millions of sovereigns worth 8s. 6d. apiece, but the permanent profiteers, the people I am after, are taking thousands of millions of genuine sovereigns, and every year demanding more and more.

The single word "Dora" sums up the whole matter. That old lady still lingers on, but her children and grandchildren put the prolific rabbit to shame in their power to breed and multiply.

Tom Paine, the champion of the French Revolution, wrote:

"In reviewing the history of . . . wars and taxes, a bystander, not blinded by prejudice, nor warped by interest, would declare that taxes were not raised to carry on wars, but that wars were raised to carry on taxes."

To win the war—whatever that may mean—we put up taxation from a shilling in the pound to twelve times that amount in some cases, and we multiplied our rates four and five times.

Inventing excuses

WE rushed up Ministries of Labour, Health, Transport and everything else. These things were invented nominally to defend the realm, but they also had their uses to those who had to find excuses for keeping out of the Army.

These people have been busy ever since inventing new excuses for keeping themselves on the public pay-roll, and they have succeeded so thoroughly and well that a million families now have a vested interest in bureaucracy and bumbledom.

The country is stiff with useless people smudging stamps on passports, counting the chickens of allotment-holders, and performing innumerable stupid and useless functions, all of which, by keeping the rest of us poor, promote unemployment and force down the general standard of living.

I took a sea voyage the other day, and without counting all the foreign functionaries, I had to waste my time giving the fullest details six times over to British official profiteers.

I was asked the age, sex and nationality of self, wife and children, their previous, permanent, present and future addresses in each case, and heaps of other futile, fussy details which cost the British taxpayer pounds to demand, receive, check, file and verify.

Three times every year for years past I have satisfied the Inland Revenue authorities that my wife is still living with me.

These are only samples. No brick of a cottage can be laid upon another brick until the local, county and national Bumbles have drawn their salaries to give permission.

This sort of obstruction permeates the whole of our trade and commerce, and, indeed, the whole of our lives.

Some people call all this nonsense Socialism. That is one way of expressing it, but I think it more true to describe it as an aftermath of war. We learnt it all during the war, and we can't shake it off.

When the will to peace becomes something more than a lip idea, and when we begin to realise what war is about and how it arises, we shall see that wars are made by Governments, and every little bit of government we invent, promote or perpetuate is simply another little step to the next war.

Most of these movements arise, not from the enthusiasm of the reformer, or the common desire for the common good, but from the bureaucratic urge for jobs.

In this present year the Health Ministry has added £147,000 to its salary bill, or more than the complete and total cost of the whole of the salaries of all the judges.

Swan and Edgar's top storey is a sample of the Ministry's expensive work. One of its departments insists on its being built, while another forbids its use.

There is a mania for developing the Public Service or, as I prefer to call it, the Public Disservice

Here are a few figures selected quite at random, but wherever one looks into public accounts the story is the same.

In 1918 we had a mere Board of Agriculture, with a salary list of £452,265; by 1928 this thing has become a bloated Ministry, costing £2,018,231.

Ten years ago the Permanent Secretary was priced at £1,800; to-day he is supposed to be worth £3,000, and the long and growing list of his satellites has fattened by the same token. Meanwhile, of course, agriculture gets worse and worse.

Or take the Colonial Office (it really doesn't matter which of these things one takes, they all tell the same tale).

Our Bumbles overseas

IN 1918 the gentlemen who exchange official memoranda with our Bumbles overseas received in salaries £58,626 from the British taxpayer.

Ten years later this same institution has been inflated into two Ministries, one charged with the welfare of the Dominions and the other messing about with the Colonies.

The expense has grown by 228 per cent. in a mere ten years, and the citizen who wants to visit New Zealand or South Africa has a correspondingly greater number of forms to fill, and finds his path blocked at every stage by bureaucrats.

It should be remembered that all these people become great by employing more clerks; the only way in which to measure their importance is in the number of underlings they can acquire.

I remember how at the Ministry of Munitions I struggled to qualify for a carpet and an armchair, those luxuries being reserved for officials who controlled at least seventy-five clerks.

The principle runs right through the Public Service and explains the forms and fiddles, many of which have no other purpose than the building up of staffs by senior clerks in search of dignity.

The growth of the bureaucracy has, of course, been most marked in the new departments, but even the old ones have been able to circumvent the demand for economy to the extent of more than doubling their personnel.

Here is a table which shows the number of jobs worth £1,000 a year or over in six of the leading departments for 1914 and 1928:

	1914.	1928.
Treasury	15	35
Scottish Office	2	5
Colonial Office	12	32
Board of Education ...	31	82
Inland Revenue	34	102
Post Office	26	51
	120	307

In this little list alone there are 187 officials who have found new excuses for getting £1,000 a year or more out of the taxpayers' pocket.

Carpets and armchairs

THERE are therefore 187 departments with staffs large enough to justify these positions, with 187 carpets and 187 armchairs, to say nothing of the right to travel first-class at the public expense and all the other little privileges which go with a thousand a year.

It should be remembered that all these abuses in national government are promptly duplicated in local government. The growth in the budget of the London County Council indicates what is happening.

In 1918 that great institution managed to grub along on the modest figure of £12,669,059, but ten years later, in 1928, the bureaucratic profiteers had worked the total up by 70 per cent. to £21,584,573.

These people are very clever in the arts of turning the screw. First of all, they get the rate up as far as they can, and then increase the assessment.

Leeds, Manchester and Bradford are in this way supposed to be worth half as much again as they were ten years ago. Here are the figures:

	Rateable Values.	
	1918.	1928.
Leeds	£2,269,067	£3,148,874
Manchester ...	4,853,310	6,918,576
Bradford	1,678,506	2,540,936
	£8,800,883	£12,608,386

When we remember that in all these towns unemployment is rife and trade bad, the dishonest farce of the rateable values is obvious.

More and more money

WHEREVER we look we find Government Departments costing more and more money. We see more and more people doing non-productive work, much of it quite useless and all of it bringing to the job-hunters good pay and pensions.

The old complaint was that landed proprietors and aristocrats fattened on the poorer people.

But now we have a million of a new sort of parasite, the real war-profiteers—people whose chief purpose is to stand in between a man and his job and forbid its accomplishment until they have secured their share of the swag

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

SIXTY-FOUR AND FIT!

Don't Go to France—Well Done, Governor!—Big Ben's Chance—Slave-Drivers in Council

His MAJESTY THE KING,
Windsor Castle

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,—On Monday you celebrate the sixty-fourth anniversary of your birthday.

I venture, therefore, on behalf of my millions of readers, to offer you our loyal and most sincere congratulations that your birthday finds you restored to a healthy vigour, for which we scarcely dared to hope in the dark days of last December.

And in wishing Your Majesty very many happy returns of the day, we pay no conventional loyalty of lip service.

We love and honour you as a great gentleman and sportsman. We revere you as a statesman-monarch, whose wise rule and bold personal decisions have guided the mightiest Empire in the world through storm and sunshine.

May all Your Majesty's days be halcyon.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. VISCOUNT D'ABERNON,
12, Arlington Street, S.W.

DEAR LORD D'ABERNON,—When you crossed to Calais recently you had an intimate glimpse of the inconvenience forced upon British travellers by the new French vaccination regulations.

Passengers were not permitted free access to the smoking-room because it was being used as an office where vaccination certificates could be filled in.

You yourself had to stand in a queue throughout the crossing before you could see the French examining officials.

You have my sympathy. You would have won my applause had you set an example by spending Whitsuntide in Britain.

The way to bring the French authorities to their senses would be to let them have the cross-Channel boats entirely to themselves for a little while.

JOHN BULL.

Sir CLEMENT HINDLEY,
Racecourse Betting Control Board.

SIR,—What is the real trouble you are experiencing in connection with the development of the totalisator plants, and why are you so persistently reticent about it?

All that the public has been permitted to learn officially is that you hope that some form of totalisator betting will be possible during the first week of July at Newmarket and during the third week of August at Hurst Park.

Regular racegoers who move behind the scenes know that there have been difficulties and delay in your negotiations with the racecourse-owners and in connection with the mechanical equipment.

Do you not agree that these hindrances indicate short-sightedness somewhere? Please let me know speedily how many machines will actually be in operation this year, and where.

JOHN BULL.

His Honour F. R. HEARTZ,
Government House, Prince Edward I.

DEAR SIR,—Recently a man who represented that he was an agent of your Government defrauded a number of British Naval and Military ex-officers by persuading them to invest in silver-fox farms, in your territory, which were either worthless or non-existent. The investors lost a considerable sum of money.

With unparalleled generosity, your Government recently passed a Bill to compensate those who lost their money as a result of the frauds.

Your action has earned the admiration and thanks, not only of the fortunate investors, but of the whole British nation.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. BEN TILLETT,
Father of the Dockers

DEAR BEN,—It would be well if you caused proper enquiry to be made into vile reports which are emanating from the docklands.

These are that dockers and seamen, who have still to depend for employment on the whims of stevedores, shipping companies' minions and minor trade union officers, are finding it increasingly difficult to obtain work unless they pay a substantial percentage of their earnings as graft.

Almost single-handed, you purged our ports of the scandal of workers having, in the struggle for casual jobs, to maul each other like beasts.

Evidence, I know, is difficult to obtain, because the dock worker who bleats is a marked man. You have the courage and opportunities, however, to secure it.

JOHN BULL.

The PARISH COUNCIL,
Bere Alston, Devon

GENTLEMEN,—Having employed an elderly woman as caretaker of your parish hall, at the princely wage of 4s. 2d. a week, this poor soul now finds herself, at the age of sixty-seven, unable to obtain the old-age pension because you have never made the necessary contributions under the Act.

Friends having taken up the matter, the district insurance office offers to recommend your employee for pension if you pay up arrears—a paltry £4 6s. 8d. This you refuse to do.

I addressed you as gentlemen, but slave-drivers would be more appropriate. You should be thoroughly ashamed of yourselves.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. D. STRATHEARN,
Procurator-Fiscal, Glasgow

SIR,—Long after the razor-slashed body of sixteen-year-old Mabel McWhinnie had been found in the river Clyde, the Glasgow police blundered by arresting a young man named Arthur Gunn.

Gunn made a number of court appearances, and was publicly accused of having caused the girl's death.

Soon it became common knowledge, however, that a grave mistake had been made, and the man was released secretly.

The Scottish Office declares that it has no powers to compensate him. But Gunn deserves at least that you should withdraw the terrible charge as publicly as it was made.

Don't tell me that the law of Scotland does not require you to do so. Admit the mistake in open court.

JOHN BULL.

The Marchioness TOWNSHEND,
Mayor, King's Lynn

MADAM,—As mayor of King's Lynn, the mother-city of Lynn in the State of Massachusetts, you will attend the latter's tercentenary celebrations. It is a graceful gesture.

Visits such as yours can only be productive of good. They do more to promote a spirit of fellowship than all the half-hearted efforts of the diplomatists.

JOHN BULL.

Sir HUGH TRENCHARD,
Air Ministry, London, W.C.

DEAR "BOOM" (for so you are known to all the R.A.F.),—I am surprised at you.

Forgetting that "the tongue is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison," you certainly said a bibful by remarking that "war from the air was the humane method, whatever people might say about bombing."

Humane it may be for the cheerful combatants up aloft, who drop their bombs in comfort. Humane it certainly can never be for civilians, who, with their women and children, are butchered in their homes.

When I read your remarks I felt almost glad that your little day of power at the Air Ministry is coming to its close.

Moreover, let me remind you that you once declared, "I feel all the good aviation will do in civil life cannot balance the harm that may be done in war by it, and if I had the casting vote I would say, Abolish the Air Force."

JOHN BULL.

The Sentence of the Court

PRESERVES in a PICKLE

though there's Jam for Winifred

STEPPING firmly into the dock, Dr. Winifred Cullis cocked her mortar-board defiantly over one eye and glared at the Bench. In answer to an invitation to take a chair, she replied that she already had a chair—at her University.

The charge was one of spreading untrue reports concerning an alleged mobilisation and arming of males against the growing invasion of their preserves by females.

"As I have not yet received my mobilisation papers to resist this most delightful of all invasions," began Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "I am fortunately free to fight in this court.

"The prisoner, presumably, is already an invader on those preserves which she considers as being Male and unsafe. She has been there for some time and had risen to great honours handed to her by those whom she has conquered.

"She denies that she is a man-hater—but she declares that men are growing jealous of the success of her sex. They are 'up against it' to make a show and they are out by sheer weight of their inferior numbers to starve women out of their jobs.

"I submit that the prisoner's case is based on a wild assumption, unfair and untrue, that cannot be substantiated from one single fact of evidence, and that the prisoner would have done better service for her sex in congratulating men on their tolerance and open-mindedness and on their friendly attitude towards those who, if no longer weak, are still, in the majority, fair."

* * *

Mr. Strawplitter said that the instinct of women was to protect and that they were perfectly entitled to point out any dangers that they considered would imperil their hard-won positions in the world of to-day.

"The accused lady admits that were the positions reversed, women would be just as full of fear and hostility of male invasion."

* * *

"What has been overlooked in this case," said Mr. Justice Bull, "is the important point that women from time immemorial have done much of the work which men do to-day. If there has been an invasion of preserves, it has been an invasion of men.

"We have gradually persuaded women to give us a few rights. We have fought our way out of the home where our unfortunate ancestors were chained all day with nothing but a club to protect their charge.

"What is called male preserves is then a mere pickle. The prisoner, finding herself performing on preserves rightfully hers, seeks to disseminate untrue reports that men are plotting to exclude her sex.

"I have not the slightest intention of allowing myself to be deceived by this specious plea of alleged victimisation of women by men.

"The sentence of the Court is that the prisoner must refrain from her dog-in-the-manger attitude in refusing to share equal rights with men. I order her, in future, to refrain from dropping bricks [illegible] under her mortar-board."

STRAIGHT from the Shoulder

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD: "Whenever I come across a notice saying trespassers will be prosecuted, I immediately trespass."

But we bet you choose your time.

* * *

MR. L. C. M. S. AMERY: "It is an astonishing thing to me that Mr. Lloyd George should bring out a pamphlet on unemployment and never mention the British Empire."

Better to grip the tragedy than spout of Empire.

* * *

SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS: "It would be very dull if we were all Conservatives."

You needn't worry. We're in no danger of being dull.

* * *

MR. SNOWDEN: "If I were to criticise items in Mr. Lloyd George's unemployment scheme I should be criticising a part of our own programme."

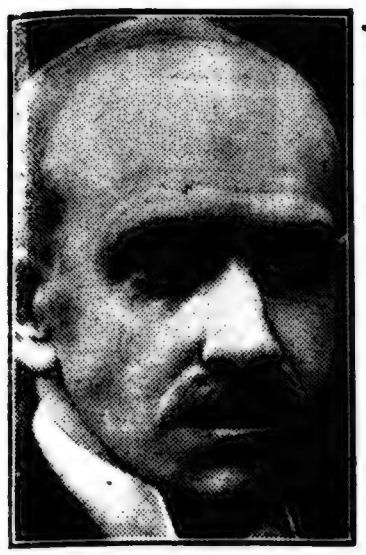
Then why the dickens not combine to put it through?

* * *

SIR A. STEEL-MAITLAND: "A quick and easy cure for unemployment is impossible."

There's no excuse for not attempting a cure.

Now for The CARICATURE PARLIAMENT



Lord Hugh Cecil won't be happy till he gets it—"It" means Proportional Representation

The Broken Rule of Three

by A. G. GARDINER

THE tumult and the shouting dies, and within a few hours of the publication of this issue of JOHN BULL the great secret will be out.

The ballot-boxes will have disclosed the mind of the nation, and we shall know whether Mr. Baldwin will resume his old place on the Treasury Bench or cross the floor of the House, and, in the latter case, who will succeed him as Prime Minister.

No! On second thoughts, it does not follow that we shall know who will succeed him. If we did there would be no need for me to write this article or for you to read it.

For the puzzle of this election will not be solved by the production of the election results. It will only have become more puzzling.

In former days it was not so. When the nation had delivered its verdict there was an end of the matter. Gladstone followed Disraeli, or Salisbury followed Rosebery, or Campbell-Bannerman followed Balfour as a matter of course.

Cut and dried

There were only two Parties in the field, and whichever Party had the majority of members went into office and the country settled down to a spell of Conservative rule or a spell of Liberal rule as the case might be.

There were anomalies here and there. Chance might give the Liberals more seats and the Conservatives fewer, or *vice versâ*, than the total poll of the electorate justified. But the point was negligible.

Broadly speaking, the will of the majority prevailed.

That is the case no longer.

No matter what the ballot-boxes tell us, they will not tell us what Government the country wants. Nor will they decide what Government the country shall have.

The fact is that the bottom has fallen out of the representative system. It has fallen out so completely that, unless and until it is reformed, it cannot do the work that the system is intended to do.

The purpose of that system is to elect to power the Government that the majority of the people want.

But the existence of three Parties makes that purpose unattainable. Whichever Government takes office will take it, not with a majority of votes cast in the election behind it, but with a minority.

In order to understand the grotesque caricature of representative government into which we have collapsed, let us consider what happened at the last election.

Three Parties went to the poll and, judged by the immense preponderance of Conservatives returned, it might be supposed that the will of the nation had been declared emphatically on the Conservative side.

What are the facts?

The Conservatives returned numbered 415, to Labour's 151 and the Liberals 44. That is to say, the Conservatives outnumbered both other Parties by 220, or more than two to one.

Did this enormous majority reflect the mind of the country? Were the Conservative voters in the proportion of two to one at the polling-booths?

They were not. *They were not in the proportion of one to one.* There were more than half a million more votes cast against the Conservatives than were cast for them. Let me recall the actual figures:

For.	Against.
7,854,523	8,412,762

Yet the Conservatives were returned to the House of Commons with a majority of two to one!

Fantastic

This was not the only fantastic anomaly of the result. Owing to the operation of the three-cornered election, there was the most extravagant disparity between the votes and the members returned.

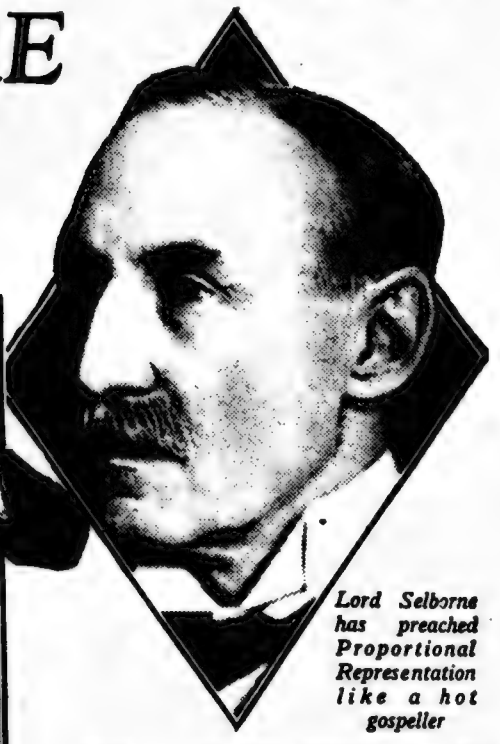
On the average, every Conservative member represented 19,064 votes, every Labour member 36,341, every Liberal member 69,646.

The present election may, or may not, rival this farcical record. But it will certainly produce the same result—or absence of result.

Twenty million odd voters will have gone to the poll, and, at the end, no one will be any wiser as to what they wanted.

This folly must cease.

M. Briand, often French Premier, is safe from our woes. He has the second ballot up his sleeve



Lord Selborne has preached Proportional Representation like a hot gospeller

For centuries we have been building up a system of Parliamentary government by which, we believed, absolute political equality would be established.

We destroyed the pocket boroughs which put power exclusively in the hands of the great landowners. We enfranchised every man. Now we have enfranchised every woman.

And having, as we thought, made the fabric of self-government complete, *we find we have put the minority permanently in power.* It may be a Conservative minority, or a Labour minority, or a Liberal minority: but whatever its colour it will always be a minority.

This is fatal to the whole principle of representative government. It defeats the one purpose for which Parliament exists—that is, to express the will of the majority.

If the mischief is not remedied, confidence in the Parliamentary system will vanish, and we shall drift to one form of tyranny or the other, to Fascism or Sovietism.

Simple remedy

No one in his senses wants that. Nor is there any reason why we should have that. For the remedy is simple.

The mischief is due to the emergence of the three-Party system. While that system prevails it is impossible to get a clear-cut issue, or a majority decision. Whether we like it or not, that system has come to stay.

In these circumstances, our business is to adjust our electoral methods to the new conditions. The problem is not obscure. It has been solved in various ways in other countries where the same difficulty has arisen.

There are, broadly, three ways out.

In France they have solved the problem by the second ballot. In Germany, Sweden and elsewhere the method adopted is proportional representation. A third solution is the alternative vote.

The objection to the second ballot is the expense, irritation and delay of two elections, and the difficulty of getting the voters to the poll a second time.

The objection generally urged against proportional representation is that the large constituencies unduly increase the power of the caucus.

Alternative Vote

Neither of these objections applies to the alternative vote, which, in effect, is a second ballot recorded at the same time as the first.

This seems to me the simplest solution. It would involve nothing more than two marks on the voting-paper instead of one.

But whichever method is chosen, let us insist that, whether out of the present confusion Mr. Baldwin, Mr. MacDonald or Mr. Lloyd George emerges as Prime Minister, the first act of the new Government shall be to end the intolerable system of minority rule.

WOMAN HEADS "BULLETS" POLL

and Wins £2,500

She gave a gasp

"I HOPE I've brought you good news, mum!" said the telegraph-boy with a grin as he delivered his envelope to Mrs. Gertrude A. Smith, of The Corner House, Gaynes Hill Road, Woodford Bridge, Essex.

Anxiously tearing it open, Mrs. Smith gave a gasp of delighted astonishment as she read the message:

"You have been awarded the First Prize of £2,500 in *Bullets* Competition No. 714."

"I have not really recovered from the thrill yet," said Mrs. Smith to a JOHN BULL representative. "I have been kept awake all night by the excitement of the wonderful news—it means such a lot to us."

The Smiths are a cheerful young married couple with two little daughters both under ten.

The winning *Bullet*—If Everybody Had Work—Only One "Poor Devil"—was entirely the work of Mrs. Smith, her husband's interest in competitions being lukewarm—until that First Prize cheque arrived.

"My husband and I have not enjoyed the best of good fortune, and I was beginning to feel anxious about the future of the children. Now our troubles are over and my young daughters will now receive the best education possible—thanks to *Bullets*."

* * *

Prior to her present success, Mrs. Smith had entered in only four *Bullets* contests, all without success.

"This prize means that I can now indulge in the one dream of my life," said the happy winner. "That is to buy a car and get my husband to take me on a tour of the Highlands.

Another four-figure cheque is now waiting for the competitor who is placed by our judges at the top of the *Bullets* poll. Turn to page 35 and start your £1,000 campaign to-day.

POISONED PEN GANG UNMASKED

Inspector Yandell, the "Yard's" greatest blackmail expert. Doubtless he will investigate

Josephine O'Dare, fascinating vamp and blackmail decoy, now in prison

RARELY have we encountered a more incredible story than that of an unhappy woman who has been persecuted for years by blackmailers.

We will call her Mrs. Eva Langton, which is the name by which she was known prior to her second marriage in 1922 to a man of good family.

There are certainly incidents in Mrs. Langton's earlier life which she would rather forget, and this fact is known to a number of people who have pressed her to part with large sums of money.

Apparently, the real trouble started some six years ago, after she had married her present husband, who now occupies an important post at a large college in Australia.

In fact, he took the Australian post in the hope that his wife would be free from persecution there. But as she was about to become a mother it was arranged for her to join him later.

A fresh start

As soon as her husband had sailed the scurrilous letters started afresh, and one or two extracts from earlier examples will illustrate their nature.

"A little bird told me that you tear all anonymous letters up. Try and tear this, old dear. [It was written on linen paper.] Nice wheeze, wasn't it, to get yourself tied up in the —— family and sponge on them for months.

"We can't see you shuffling off to the wilds of Australia while you are on the make here. Was Mr. Rupert very shocked when he found that he had got your bastard kid to keep?"

After more innuendo of this sort, the letter finally made the scandalous suggestion that Mrs. Langton was plotting to murder her husband's aged mother.

Another communication enclosed a picture of a negro child, with the typewritten inscription: "Oh, mummie, the cruel people say that Rupert isn't a daddy yet. So who is my dad?"

It added:

"You may be very clever, but if your husband don't divorce you after the information and proof he got a few weeks back he must be potty. . . .

"Your register has been searched, and you are the daughter of a bricklayer of Manchester. . . . If your other kid isn't a bastard, why did you hide the fact that you had got him until after you had married Mr. ——?"

Dilemma

With letters following her everywhere, she was in a terrible dilemma, for she feared to approach the police lest the inevitable publicity should lose her husband his new post.

She was panic-stricken, therefore, when two men who said they were officers came to her and told her that there was a warrant out for her arrest concerning moneys she was alleged to have obtained by fraud from her husband's family.

A third visitor, who called upon her later, hinted that he could extricate her from the toils for a consideration, and she later handed over more than £200 in cash and jewellery. This money was extorted from her only a few hours before childbirth.

She heard nothing more for a time, and then, just as she was about to rejoin her husband in Australia, she received a cable from Capetown intimating that her husband was lying there with complete paralysis as a result of a serious accident.

Different rogue

Shortly after this another man called, and, informing her that he was from a nursing agency, stated that he could arrange for her husband to be brought home in comfort for £100, which she readily paid.

Later she discovered that her husband had never been to Capetown, and that the cable was faked.

In despair she tried to take her life.

Finally she joined her husband in Australia, there to live, she hoped, in peace. But even the great dividing expanses of land and sea could not thwart her persecutors.

Anonymous letters continued to reach both husband and wife, and, a month or so ago, one was actually addressed to the headmaster of the college where her husband is now so happy.

This was a cowardly attack, and stated, amongst other things, that two notorious criminals were in Australia, misusing the honoured name of an old English family, and that one was believed to be a teacher at the school.

It then denounced the latter as an impostor, a member of the lowest classes who had never been educated, as he professed, at either Rugby or Oxford.

The result might have been disastrous had not the headmaster known the husband both at Rugby (where he had actually fagged for him) and also at Oxford.

The most amazing letter of all was written from an address in York Road, King's Cross, and signed "Alice Haden."

It was addressed to the husband at the house of his parents in England, and was sent on to him by his own mother, who is still in correspondence with him, despite all the unsavoury details which have been revealed here.

Sir Granville Ryrie, Australia's London High Commissioner, should act — and quickly

This letter informed the unhappy man that he and his wife had fallen into the clutches of a gang of crooks, and that some of the people who had been "advising" her in her predicament were really blackmailers not unknown to the O'Dare and Gerald Revier gangs—both of which have been repeatedly exposed in these columns.

It also declared that a Dr. Joseph Perkins, late of Harley Street, had killed himself because he was being blackmailed by the same gang.

Letter of death

We have obtained the death certificate of this medical practitioner, and find that he did die by his own hand in September last, leaving behind the significant message: "In defence against malicious persecutions."

The letter from "Alice Haden" explained that she and her brother had both been associated with the gang, but were breaking away, as "since poor Dr. Perkins killed himself we feel as if we can't breathe. . . .

"Dr. Perkins got fed up, and killed himself like a lot of others, and I can't stand it any more and want to leave the lot."

After asking for a sum of money to be sent to her at 4, York Road, King's Cross, which is an accommodation address, the writer assured the husband that it was his turn to be blackmailed next, "as they know your wife attempted her life that time."

It was after the arrival of this letter that Mrs. Langton at once booked a passage to this country, and sought our aid.

Such a letter as this must be investigated.

Therefore we have handed all the documents to the Commissioner of Police, whose most experienced officers should probe the affair to its core.

[*Our Investigation Department*]

WEEKLY INFORMATIONS

from SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

I HAVE now been with JOHN BULL for something over three months, and I am staggered at the amount of deception in the country, so cleverly conducted in the majority of cases as not to be within reach of the criminal law. There is no alternative, therefore, but exposure.

I propose to deal with some few cases briefly each week.

HOME EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES.

The Conisborough Agricultural Produce Company, run by one Turnbull; address, Aylwin, Castle Street, Conisborough, Yorks. Operates several systems: should be avoided under all circumstances.

The Traders' Institute, 7, St. Stephen's Avenue, Bristol. Proprietor, Mr. F. Iles. Sometimes known as the G. Institute.

Archibald Greensmith, recently operating from an address at Greenwich. Takes offices in various parts of the country, and induces people to part with money for employment in bogus businesses. Uses the aliases of George Howard, F. A. Greensmith, William Settle, and A. J. Rogers.

NATIONAL VIGILANCE SOCIETY. Takes subscriptions from poor persons: makes specious promises after extracting considerable sums of money from its dupes which are frequently not fulfilled: holds street-corner meetings and asks for financial support. Readers are advised to cease subscribing and not to pay one penny to its organiser, one Sansum, already exposed in previous issues of JOHN BULL.

SPECIAL WARNING.—Have nothing to do with any individual or company (however impressive the notepaper) offering money-making secrets or spare-time work at home whenever such offers are accompanied by a request for a small fee for, *e.g.*, copyright instructions or complete working outfit.

Avoid offers of introductions to "vacant posts" when an advance fee is demanded.

I would particularly request information from any reader of this paper who considers that he has been the subject of sharp practice. It is in the public interest, and is indeed a duty, to do so.

AT THE MARBLE ARCH

You'll be one of an army of voters—if you're a Londoner—to follow the political contest to-night (Thursday) outside the Regal Cinema, Marble Arch.

JOHN BULL has arranged for the election results to be screened on a site where thousands may comfortably watch, and be first in the know.

Immediately they are received, the results will be shown and there will be a rapid and continuous service.

The Next "Jix's" FIRST JOB

1,200 Rogue Financiers with Foreign Accents

THREE weeks hence a new Home Secretary and a new President of the Board of Trade will be in office. They can win the respect of British business by joining in a prompt and relentless onslaught on the battalions of alien swindlers who pillage the commerce of this country.

Justification of the demand for swift action is that in the last few years these aliens have sucked nearly £15,000,000 from our traders and insurance companies.

And, notwithstanding the vigilance of Chambers of Commerce and trade protection organisations, more than 1,200 known rogues of foreign origin still have nests in the City and in the backwaters of Oxford Street and Regent Street.

During the past five years 500 deportation orders have been signed at the Home Office for the removal of aliens whose political enthusiasms were disliked or who offended against the moral code.

In that period the ejections of business rogues which have taken place could be counted on the fingers of one hand, and in every case political or social reasons were also adduced for their expulsion.

Why is the Home Office so timid?

Forty of the most notorious alien business tricksters have been exposed in the pages of JOHN BULL in the last few years. Their records have been set out item by item for the information and attention of the authorities.

They remain here untroubled and free to carry on.

Amazing methods

There is the typical case of Mr Adolph Joseph Berger. Exactly a year ago this journal directed public notice to the amazing methods of this man, who is a Roumanian by birth and has not been naturalised in this country.

Full revelation was made then of the effrontery with which he was cheating business people and women investors. We demanded that Berger should be packed off without delay, but the Home Office did nothing.

Mr. Justice Maugham has lately ordered the compulsory liquidation of Silka, Ltd., one of the Roumanian's enterprises.

He discovered that the company, the genuine business of which had been non-existent from the start, had been conceived in fraud, that its promotion was completely dishonest, and that its history required investigation at every turn.

Surely that would appear to be abundant reason why the Home Office should fling this man as far from the shores of Britain as possible. There is not a sign, however, that the sojourn here of Mr. Berger and hundreds others of his brand is likely to be officially disturbed.

Masqueraders

One difficulty which admittedly confronts the Home Office is the legion of Russian trade swindlers who, masquerading as political refugees, are now camped in London.

They cannot be deported because the Soviet Government refuses to recognise their nationality and will not accept their custody.

The next President of the Board of Trade can render British business a genuine service by clipping the wings of these aliens who take advantage of our appallingly lax company laws and, when necessary, exploit the haphazard international passport system.

These defects are visible in the operations of a bonny pair of alien long-firm rogues, Alexander Krasnow, a Russian, and Maurice Aubinaud, a French subject, for whose arrest warrants have been issued.

Krasnow—his real name is Krasnowsky—had a reputation as a clever surgeon in Moscow and St. Petersburg thirty years ago. He came penniless and a fugitive to London in 1912.

Wine and a rogue

Fourteen months ago he linked up with Aubinaud, who had previously been conducting a rogue's business as a wine importer at 3a, Brewer's Lane, Charing Cross, and, mainly to escape a host of creditors who were in pursuit of the Russian, they launched a company in his name.

A receiving order in bankruptcy was actually gazetted against Aubinaud, but Krasnow overcame that difficulty by registering his partner's name as Morris Rubinaud.

He was aware that the liaison between Somerset House, the Official Receiver's department, the Aliens Branch of the Home Office, and Scotland Yard is so slender as to be almost worthless.

Aubinaud skipped to the Continent when a warrant against him was granted in the High Court.

From Evelyn House, Oxford Street, Krasnow continued to direct the company, swindling the principal soft-goods merchants of the country.

Stalin, Chief of the Soviet Government, won't have a Russian back unless he swears allegiance to the Soviets. His decision prevents us deporting many Russian thugs to their native land

Krasnow orders these by the gross—but never pays

At the beginning of this year he made preparations to seek the asylum of our Bankruptcy Court. Scotland Yard intervened, however, and he came to the dock at Marlborough Street Police Court.

When Krasnow was sent to the Old Bailey for trial the police opposed his bail.

He pleaded not to be confined during an approaching holiday period, and a soft-hearted magistrate accepted the recognisances of a Russian business man.

A detective had relieved Krasnow of an ordinary passport he possessed, and it seemed safe to assume that he could not flit abroad.

Krasnow, however, had his last card to play. Within an hour of his release on bail he called at a safe deposit and withdrew a League of Nations passport with which he had furnished himself on the same day that his company was incorporated and on which a receiving order was made against his partner.

Mob of crooks

Dr. Nansen had entirely laudable objects when seven years ago he persuaded the Council of the League of Nations to authorise the issue of a special passport to Russian refugees.

He could not have foreseen at the time that he was also placing a vital instrument in the hands of the mob of Russian crooks in Britain who are fouling the wells of our commercial credit.

RIGGED-SALES FIASCO

We Kill a Noxious Ramp

Mr. Furlong, President of the Incorporated Society of Auctioneers, has worked hard to kill the rigged-sale farce

THINGS are not bright for the "rigged-sale" merchant. Since the recent exposure of one of the fraternity in JOHN BULL, there has been a marked decline in the number of coups planned by the various gangs.

Better still, from the point of view of stamping out their activities altogether, there has been a tremendous falling-off in profits at those sales which have been carried through.

The public on whom these gentry depend for their best hauls are growing wiser, and the sales held during the last few weeks have been only very sparsely attended.

An instance of the blight is a "rigged sale" which we attended at Horsham a few days ago.

This ramp was staged by a man named F. J. Miller, of 85, George Street, Hove. The sale was held at a house named Ayshe Court, near Horsham, which has already served the same gang at least once before.

The house has remained empty and for sale since September last.

Miller advertised the sale extensively in the Sussex newspapers.

In spite of this, however, when our representative arrived at the sale he found hardly a dozen people present. Half of these, it is safe to say, were members of the gang.

* * *

Considerable artistry had been expended on arranging for the display. Beyond a certain amount of overfurnishing, the general effect spoke volumes for the time and care lavished on faking up a domestic atmosphere.

All the more saddening to see the hopeful toil of Mr. Miller and his friends go unrewarded!

When he visited the sale it had become obvious that the thing was a failure, and a despairing levity began to colour the proceedings.

This rapidly degenerated to farce.

Members of the gang were bandying sallies with each other and the auctioneer, and making impossible bids for the various articles. Bidding was started for hopeless junk at figures which would seldom be heard at Christies or Sothebys.

Lot after lot was put up and disposed of with lightning rapidity, in order to get the thing over as quickly as possible.

When our representative left, the public attendance had dwindled to four, each of whom, comfortably settled in easy chairs, were carefully refraining from bidding.

A few more fiascos like this Horsham sale will do more than any amount of legislation to kill the rigged-sale ramp. They require a large capital investment in stock and a deal of trouble in organisation.

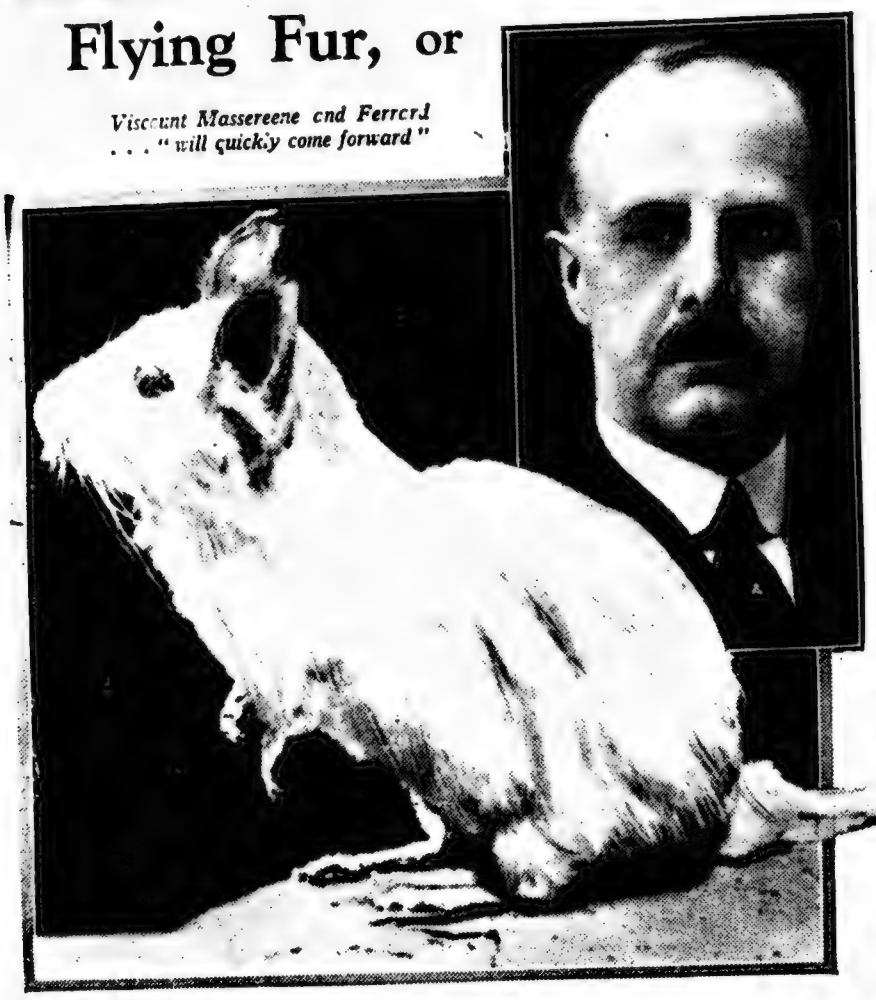
* * *

If they are a failure the loss is heavy and the game is not worth the candle.

If the public will make a few enquiries from a local and reputable auctioneer on receiving furniture sale catalogues by post and before answering advertisements, they will drive off the map these gangs who sully a distinguished and honourable calling.

Flying Fur, or the Missing CHINCHILLA

A Tale of Adventure in Bolivia



Viscount Massereene and Ferrard . . . "will quickly come forward"

THE shareholders of a company known as the Consolidated Fur Farms, Ltd., of Well Court, Queen Street, London, are in a quandary.

In November last they were led to believe that their company held controlling interests in chinchilla fur farms that represented a world-wide monopoly.

They were regaled with hopeful stories of Bolivian breeding-stations, and for some time now they have been full of expectancy about the prospects of their company. But a recent circular has reduced their hopes to nothing.

The Consolidated Fur Farms, Ltd., was formed in July, 1928, and at the statutory meeting in November last the chairman, Viscount Massereene and Ferrard, told the shareholders that the scope of the company's enterprise was not sufficiently understood.

"The Bolivia Chinchilla Concessions, Ltd.," he said, "in which we own the controlling interests, holds a twenty-five years' concession from 1923, from the Bolivian Government, for the sole and exclusive right to trade in, capture, breed and export Bolivian chinchilla. . . .

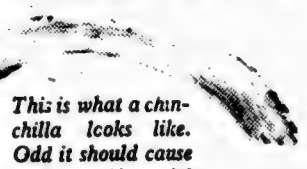
"'The erection of the company's chinchilla breeding-stations has been supervised upon carefully chosen sites. . . . The reports to hand are most satisfactory, and the stock of live chinchilla on hand by the end of next month is expected to exceed £20,000 in value."

Dominating

On the strength of this, shareholders were told that the company should, in a reasonable period, become one of the dominating influences in a world-wide trade.

This was most encouraging; but the newly-issued circular, which has dashed the shareholders' hopes, makes the astonishing statement that the Bolivian Concession will now cost £80,000 to develop, and accordingly the directors have turned their hopes and endeavours in another direction—to Argentine and Peru, where they claim to have obtained a better concession.

This shattering statement is issued "by order of the Board," and we would be interested to know how it can possibly be reconciled with the definite assurance given at the statutory meeting that the company held the controlling interest in a twenty-five years'



This is what a chinchilla looks like. Odd it should cause such troubles, eh?

concession, "had erected breeding-stations," and had then "received such satisfactory reports that the stock on hand was expected to reach £20,000 in value by the end of December."

Shortly before this statement was made the shares soared to 8s. They now stand in the neighbourhood of 2s.

Directors go

It is significant that three of the original five directors have resigned in the interval between the statutory meeting and the issuing of the bombshell circular.

In a statement issued by the company's secretaries it was announced that one of the directors, a Major Hannington, a well-known expert on fur farming and breeding, had vacated his seat owing to non-compliance with a clause in the Articles of Association.

Under this clause a director's place on the Board is vacated if he is absent from meetings of the Board continuously for three months for reasons other than illness.

In the statement in reply, Major Hannington said that actually these "reasons" were that, with the full knowledge and consent of the directors, he was absent on the company's business in South America, and during the whole of his absence was engaged in actively furthering the interests of the company.

New names

Two new directors were notified by the company as having joined the Board—a Mr. H. M. Mathes and a Mr. J. J. Grahame Ballin.

With regard to Mr. Ballin, we find that at one time he carried on business as "Grahame Ballin and Co., Importers and Exporters," of Walmer House, Regent Street, W.

The fact that he vacated these offices leaving his rent unpaid can hardly be counted as an encouraging business recommendation.

He was also associated with a concern known as "European Supplies, Ltd.," of 3, Brewer's Lane, Strand, which after a chequered career is now defunct.

So, as we say, the shareholders of Consolidated Fur Farms, Ltd., are in a quandary.

We presume their plight is shared by the Rt. Hon. the Viscount Massereene and Ferrard, and that he will quickly come forward to explain how he came to make so many misleading and extraordinary statements when addressing the shareholders at the statutory meeting.

He Hooks a VICTIM a DAY

and never changes his bait

NUMEROUS victims of the housing shortage have fallen an easy prey to a smartly-dressed impostor named William Lester, who has brought off a series of quickfire coups around London.

Lester expects to land one victim a day, and his hauls vary from £7 to £19.

He has an uncanny knack of arming himself with inside information regarding a prospective dupe, as is proved by the following typical illustration of his methods.

A woman who lives in Strathville Road, London, S.W., made a formal application to the Wandsworth Borough Council for a house. Within a few days dapper Mr. Lester was on her doorstep volunteering particulars of a "nice four-roomed house" which was to be let at a most reasonable rental.

* * *

There was, however, a stipulation to the effect that some furniture and a quantity of coal should be purchased from the outgoing tenant, the amount involved being £7 10s.

As the lady Lester approached is at present living in one room with a family of three children, she was naturally delighted to hear of such an opportunity.

She had only £2 by her at the time, but a kindly neighbour came to her assistance, and she was thus able to raise £5 1s., which her visitor agreed to accept.

Lester then told her he must go to the other side of London to fetch the key from the outgoing tenant, and hurried away.

* * *

He never returned, and his plausible story of the house to let proved entirely false.

Another woman, living in the heart of London, was recently approached by Lester, who confided that she could obtain just the house she needed in Lambeth.

This time he fixed the price of furniture to be purchased at £19, and as the woman was a cautious body, Lester suggested that she should accompany him to Lambeth by taxi, and inspect the property for herself.

On this understanding she handed over the money.

Lester stopped the taxi in which they were travelling outside an office in the Strand, saying that he had "just one little business call to make." He never returned, and his victim, fleeced of £19, was left to pay the cab fare.

As another instance of the comprehensive manner in which Lester provides himself with inside information, we may cite the experience of a Chelsea resident whom he approached at the end of last month.

He told her that he knew of an ideal house to let in Sussex Gardens, Tufnell Park; and that he had been sent by her husband to collect £12 in respect of certain fittings.

* * *

The details of his story were so convincing that the woman handed over the £12 without hesitation.

When her husband came home, he was completely ignorant of the whole transaction, and to this day it has never been discovered how Lester could possibly have familiarised himself with her husband's movements.

Sir Alfred Butt, a pillar of Conservatism at Wandsworth, and for many years an M.P., should take this up

This, in fact, is the most astounding feature of Lester's coups, and as many of his dupes are people who have made formal applications to local authorities for houses, it appears certain that he has access to official files on this subject.

* * *

So perhaps if the authorities in districts where Lester has been exceptionally active take the trouble to investigate this obvious leakage they may bring him to book.

Why be Coy about OUR OWN BACK-GARDEN *of* EDEN?

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

WHAT has happened to the "Come to Britain" movement?

Not long ago a special organisation was set up with a great blaring of trumpets—an organisation which was going to tell the world in no uncertain manner of the attractions and glories of the Old Country.

Where is it? What is it doing?

The description Colonel Moore-Brabazon—a Conservative M.P.—recently applied to his own Front Bench in the House of Commons seems singularly appropriate: "Its snores are reverberating through the whole country."

Perhaps the pigheaded refusal of the Foreign Office to reduce the price of the visa on American passports has broken its heart. There is nothing like inviting Americans to come to Britain and then charging them £2 entrance-fee.

I have never been quite able to understand our strange reluctance to advertise the astonishing richness of British scenery, and its immense variety within such a small compass.

You can get it all on the Continent, of course. But you have to travel many countries and many thousands of miles to get the same variety that can be obtained within the compass of our own coasts.

Mostly in vain

Yet you can look, and mostly in vain, for any real, business-like effort to attract visitors to one of the best shows on earth.

I have certainly seen a few posters drawing attention to the Highlands of Scotland in the waiting-rooms of one or two wayside stations in Belgium.

I once saw a picture of York Cathedral in the railway station at Prague. But I have never yet found evidence of any serious attempt to popularise one of the best holiday-haunts in Europe.

If you take a walk down Lower Regent Street in London you will find sitting side by side bureaus devoted to the glories of Germany, the delights of Switzerland, the lure of Sweden, and the sunshine of Italy.

On every hand you will find people willing and anxious to give you all the information and help necessary to enable you to spend an enjoyable, care-free holiday in their country.

But if you are a Frenchman, or a German, or a Belgian, who means to spend a holiday in Britain, you will be hard put to it to find similar facilities.

Apathy supreme

It is just the difference between enterprise and apathy. I do not think that a carefully organised movement to attract foreign visitors to this country should be beneath the dignity of the Government.

If other Governments think it is worth their while to give every assistance possible to such campaigns, surely ours could lend a hand in endeavouring to add something to the prosperity of the country; for neither I nor anyone else is going to pretend that we want people to come to England merely because England is well worth seeing.

It certainly is well worth seeing, and those who come will get full value for their money.

"Only in this country can you find a Devon lane." Here is one

It is their money we want, and I do not see why we should not admit it.

People who go holiday-making in other countries are people with money to spend, and they spend it freely. It is time we made a serious bid to induce them to come and spend their money in this country to the benefit of numerous industries.

It is not enough to advertise our attractions abroad. We must also make a thorough job of organising information and facilities at home.

If you have ever been, for instance, to the Black Forest, you cannot but have been struck by the way in which every hotel supplies you free with comprehensive folders full of maps and routes, lists of hotels and prices, photographs and descriptions of all the places worth seeing.

Yet you can travel all England without finding a hotel that can really supply you with anything comparable about this country.

It is not enough merely to attract people here. If the "Come to Britain" movement is to be a real success, visitors must be looked after when they are here.

To do it properly would cost money, but it is expenditure that could not help recouping itself many times over.

I recently looked through a wonderful publication issued by one of the railway companies called "Come Abroad With Us." It is enough to make anyone want to pack his bag and depart instantly for almost any of the places advertised.

I would not mind betting a considerable sum that if I were to find myself at this moment in Berlin, or Paris, or Brussels, or Rome, I could not find a similar publication boosting Britain

Lord Derby thinks the "Come to Britain" movement great. So do we. But where is it?

If it is good business to take English people abroad, it is surely equally good business to bring foreign tourists here.

And we have one thing that no other nation has. You can travel Europe and you will not find anything that looks like the real English countryside. I doubt if it can be duplicated anywhere in the world.

You will find beautiful scenery, grandeur and rugged beauty in a thousand places, but only in this country can you find a Devon lane or a Surrey hedgerow.

Last time I was on the Continent I met an American making for the coast by car *en route* to England.

He wanted to know where he could get any information about Britain. As he could not get it on the Continent, he asked me to tell him where to go in London.

Not proud

The best I could do was to refer him to the Automobile Association—and I did not feel very proud of England at that moment. For what other place was there for me to recommend except the various offices of Messrs. Cook?

The holiday season is right on top of us now, and I think it is time the "Come to Britain" organisation woke up and got exceedingly busy.

The Englishman may take his own pleasures sadly, but other people do not, and they are not likely to come here unless we go out of our way to tell them that we are all ready on their arrival to give them the time of their lives.

The French Riviera, which is largely a hollow sham, exercises a hypnotic influence over English people merely because of clever and persistent advertisement

The beauties of England could become just as big an influence on the Continent, with the added advantage of having truth instead of humbug as its foundation

The Human Machine

SWAT *those* SUPERSTITIONS!

IF you took a pencil and a sheet of paper in order to write down all the things you really believe in, how soon would you come to a stop? Could you fill the page—or would you quickly discover yourself to be that most unhappy person the man who has no deep belief in anything?

Would you even find that such beliefs as you had were really nothing more than superstitions based on ignorance?

To clear your mind by distinguishing between true belief and mere superstition is always a good thing, for superstition is a mental poison. Nothing can so quickly paralyse your intelligence and destroy your reasoning powers.

Look at the way quacks and charlatans prey on the superstitious by selling them all sorts of rubbishy "charms" and "luck bringers"! What is their trade if it is not deliberate preying on ignorance?

To "believe" that Friday is an unlucky day, that thirteen is an unlucky number, that to break a mirror will bring you to disaster—all that sort of thing is to confess yourself not only ignorant, but unable to think. For no such beliefs can survive knowledge, and knowledge is there for anyone to acquire who wants it.

The knowledge that destroys superstition is not very profound. If it were, the superstitious might perhaps be forgiven; but superstition rests on ignorance of common things. That is why it is such a confession of weakness.

It is often more than that: it is often a very convenient excuse for laziness. It is also a frequent cloak for moral cowardice.

It is a good thing to believe in something. No mind can really live that is devoid of faith. But superstitions are noxious weeds that should be uprooted before they choke the channels of real thought.

For there is nothing that devitalises the mind quicker than a foolish fear of the Unknown.

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the Ladies, too!
REG. TRADE MARK
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"THANK GOODNESS, THAT'S OVER"

TELL THIS TO *Your* NEW M.P.

Without Fear or Favour
by the Editor

POLLING-DAY, the election of a new House of Commons, and the creation of a new Government should mark, not the end, but the real beginning of the electoral fight.

Up to now we have been deluged with pledges and promises, lies and recriminations—all the noise and blether that make what we choose to call a democratic election.

The candidates have had their say. From now on we should see that we have ours.

If we don't take our job seriously we shall find, as usual, that, having got our votes, the new members of the best club in the world don't want to see us, hear from us, or think of us again till the next election comes round.

Their tender solicitude for us during the past few weeks has been positively touching. They have flattered us, courted us, fawned on us. They have positively abased themselves in our presence.

But now, if we let them, they will cease their flattery and their cajolery. They will expect to be allowed to sink into the comfortable soporific atmosphere of the National Gasworks, to do as they like, untroubled by criticism and undisturbed by reminders of what they promised to do.

We hope they will be allowed to do nothing of the kind. There is no special odour of sanctity about a candidate who has suddenly become an M.P.

DON'T be deceived into thinking that even a Cabinet Minister is hedged about with a sort of divine prerogative.

The whole lot of them are merely a group of very ordinary men, who have been sent to Westminster to represent us, and to conduct the business of the nation as we want it conducted.

They are as accessible to interview, letter and postcard as the plainest John Taxpayer; and they are singularly susceptible to organised pressure, acutely aware of any rumblings of discontent in their constituencies.

Let us keep the whip-hand over our representatives. It is up to us to see that this new Parliament gets things done.

Any live constituency would insist on at least a monthly meeting with its Member to hear an account of his stewardship and to give him his further instructions. It is a perfectly practicable plan that would do most Members a lot of good.

We do not blame anybody for being a bit apathetic about the election. It has been a noisy business, and the only tangible result at the moment is to exchange one set of politicians for another at considerable expense.

The real business begins on June 25. From that date until the next General Election it is the duty of the voters to see that promises are kept and pledges are transformed into speedy action.

Your M.P. is your representative and your servant. It is you who pay his salary of £400 a year.

Make him earn it!

* * *

NO paper has ever said harder things about the Church's attitude to war than we have. We have never been able to understand how it was possible for sincere followers of the Prince of Peace to countenance war in any shape or form.

Just about time

We have said so without any trimmings, and, times without number, have called on the Church to give a definite lead to the world.

Now it has done so in no uncertain terms.

A stirring call to end war has been signed by leaders of the Church of England, the Nonconformist Churches of Britain and the principal Churches of America.

"We believe," says the message, "that the time has come when the world must have done with war in fact, in expectation, and in planning. We believe that another collision between great nations would be an assault upon civilisation and an offence against God."

There is nothing half-hearted about this. Neither is there anything half-hearted about the welcome we and all who have any conception of what another war will mean give it.

IN certain of the mining areas where coal is alleged to be produced at a loss, concerted action is being taken to prevent coal being sold during the summer at "uneconomic prices."

What are "uneconomic" prices as applied to coal? We wish somebody would tell us.

Henry Knows

We wish someone would also tell us what the "economic" prices of coal are.

As we watch the continual scheming of the owners and the retailers to squeeze the last farthing out of the miners and the consumers, we are driven to the conclusion that the price of coal is "economic" when it is outrageously dear and "uneconomic" when it is reasonably cheap.

Restriction of output—for that is all this "concerted action" really amounts to—is flagrant profiteering. There is no other name for it.

It is a game that can be played with impunity so long as we permit a handful of men to claim absolute ownership not only of the earth's surface, but of the natural wealth that lies beneath it.

THERE is not much to be said for the sanity of an economic and political system that tolerates such a state of affairs.

It is neither economic nor a system. It is playing monkey-tricks with production to the detriment of the overwhelming majority of the nation.

The bogey of over-production that periodically crops up is merely camouflage for greed. It is an artificial alibi for unjustifiably high prices.

"Perhaps we may over-produce," said Henry Ford, "but that is impossible until the whole world has all it desires. And if that should happen, then surely we ought to be content."

That is a punch in the eye for all such gentlemen as those responsible for the "economic prices" ramp; but it can never become a practical gospel until we turn our attention to the arrogance of those who, claiming the earth, deny the people its fruits.

Glittering Prizes from the DERBY DIP

James Gibb is seven—but he has drawn Cragadour in this year's Stock Exchange Sweep. Perhaps there is £125,000 coming to him

This year's Stock Exchange Draw . . . "the atmosphere of the room is tense." The three genial fellows underneath are Mr. Hamilton—most gay of all, and in the centre—with two of his fellow-organisers

A DREAM of fortune sufficient to change the face of the world for the possessor, to open magic casements on to a new life of freedom and happiness—that is the lure of the sweepstake.

A ticket for which a pound or less has been paid may prove the passport to wealth, and set on solid earth a hundred castles in the air.

So is it surprising that every year the popularity of the big sweepstakes increases?

It is estimated that this year, in Great Britain alone, at least £5,000,000 has been subscribed to Derby sweepstakes.

But the two largest—the two on which most hopes are centred—are the huge £1,000,000 Stock Exchange Derby Sweepstake, the biggest in the world, and the "Calcutta," which for years held pride of place, but this year may take second rank, although it also will be over the £1,000,000 mark.

The history of these sweepstakes is a romance.

The Stock Exchange Sweepstake was started twenty-seven years ago by a young Scottish stockbroker, Mr. J. J. Hamilton, who had then not long come to London.

Mr. Hamilton is still its presiding genius. Its creation has become, as it were, the great thing of his career, by which he will be longest remembered.

In its beginnings it was purely a private affair for members of the London Stock Exchange. The first year Mr. Hamilton took round a hat and collected £100. His first prize was only £60.

Lusty growth

In twenty-seven years the "sweep" has grown in size ten thousand times. The first prize is swollen from £60 to £125,000—or sufficient when cautiously invested to earn an income of more than twice £60 a week.

This year, in fact, there are two first prizes of £125,000, two second prizes of £65,000, two thirds of £30,000 and two fourths of £20,000.

Out of the total fund of £1,000,000, 10 per cent., or £100,000, will this year be distributed among hospitals and other charitable organisations.

The amount given to charity is the special pride of Mr. Hamilton and his fellow-organisers. This year's contribution will bring the total so far distributed, in consequence of the sweepstake, to well over £250,000.

Tickets in the "sweep" are held in all parts of the world—by London typists and City business men, merchants in the Far East, millworkers in Lancashire, policemen in New York.

There are some in the Foreign Office and at Scotland Yard. Even at the Home Office, under the very eyes of "Jix," there are treasured tickets.

Romantic birth

The beginnings of the Calcutta "sweep" are no less romantic. The "Calcutta" is nearly forty years old.

It had its birth in the memories of men at the other side of the world of the thrill and glamour of Derby Day.

Sitting in the sweltering heat of the Indian sun, they thought of Epsom on a June day—the stir and throb of the crowds, the buzz of conversation on the grand stand, the gipsy caravans, the tents on the hill.

England came very near to them across the seas.

They decided to do something which would give them a link with these cheering crowds on the Epsom Downs. They started a Derby sweepstake.

At first only members of the Calcutta Turf Club took part. Like the Stock Exchange "sweep," it was just a private affair for a hundred pounds or so.

But people outside heard of it, and obtained tickets from members. It went onwards by leaps and bounds.

Its fame spread across the seas to Europe. It came to represent to thousands, and then to hundreds of thousands of people a new Eldorado of the gorgeous East.

The Stock Exchange draw takes place some weeks before the Derby is run, at an hotel only a little way from the Bank of England.

There is nothing to distinguish it as a place of romance; nor have the men who gather in the private room, the door of which is locked when they are all present, anything of romance about them.

There are twenty men, members of the Stock Exchange. They might be attending the board meeting of some quite uninteresting company.

But the atmosphere of the room is tense. A lawyer and a chartered accountant are there to see that there is no error. The underlying excitement of the occasion shows even through their professional calm.

In the middle of a room stands a table on which is a round wire cage full of numbered wooden marbles, one for each entry and one for the field.

Two men stand by the cage, one to revolve it, the other to call out the number on the marbles as they drop out through a small door opened by a spring.

Close by the table are two easels, on each of which stands an oblong mahogany board.

On each board are fixed three revolving wheels. The first wheel is lettered A to J—the other five are numbered 1 to 0.

The tickets run in series numbered 1 to 100,000, and each series is distinguished by one letter from A to J.

In silence the wire cage is revolved until a marble escapes from it. The number is called. A man looks on a sheet of paper to find the horse represented.

Then the name is called out. "Spin," says the man in front of the discs. Each disc is twisted in turn. When they come to rest an indicator shows the number.

As a number is called out the man at the other side of the table takes down the figure named. When all six have been called they are read out as a single total.

This total number is then taken down by a number of men sitting at another table with big sheets of paper before them. Every number is checked and re-checked.

Four hours' toil

So it goes on for nearly four hours until all the horses' names have been drawn from the revolving wheel.

At last it is finished. The lists are handed in, the group of men talk for a few minutes, shake hands and go home.

The first part of the Stock Exchange draw is over; the rest now lies with a group of horses galloping along the Epsom course.

There is a popular belief that in the groping hands of an Indian boy from the local blind school lie the destiny of subscribers to the Calcutta Sweep.

But this is a fallacy.

The drawing is an affair of

LUCKY

Gay Day, "Steve" up. This couple may bring fortune to the lucky ones who drew them in the golden Derby lotteries

Where the Calcutta "Sweep" is drawn . . . "the palatial premises on the famous Maidan"

Miss Annie Helm . . . "finished the letter on which she was working"

auditors, accountants and merchant princes. It is a "hush-hush" procedure, too.

Calcutta pretends not to know of the sweepstake; the local Press makes no reference to it; the local authorities adopt an attitude that outdoes "Jix."

They would, perhaps, admit to knowledge of a little "flutter" organised by the most wealthy club in the East, but of its vast ramifications they have no official cognisance.

The drawing takes place on the Saturday immediately preceding the Derby.

When Calcutta is at the theatre or dancing-palaces, High Court judges, senior Army officers and East India merchants, all members of the Turf Club, gather in the palatial premises on the famous Maidan, where they proceed with the fascinating task of distributing fortunes.

The ritual is simplicity itself.

Slips of paper, numbered and neatly folded, are packed into a huge glass cylinder, not unlike a butter churn, and sealed by auditors.

When the members are assembled the seals are broken and the "churning" is done by several Indian servants.

Then a senior steward thrusts his hand into the receptacle, and as he withdraws the slips the numbers are recorded by officials and paired with horses, whose names are simultaneously extracted from another churn.

What would you do if you won a fortune in one of these big sweepstakes?

How would you receive the news?

Let us consider some of those who have won, for whom the million-to-one chance has actually come off.

Last year the first prize of £125,000 in the Stock Exchange Sweepstake was won by a typist at Barrow-in-Furness—Miss Annie Helm by name.

There is sufficient romance in the bare announcement, yet Miss Helm took the news quietly.

She was typing when the message came, and she finished the letter on which she was working before she turned to receive the congratulations of her friends.

She went home early to break the news to her eighty-two-year-old father. But next day she came to the office as usual. She said she had grown to love her work and did not wish to lose it, even though she had gained a fortune.

There are many people like that.

There is, for instance, Mr. R. Bishop, who is in an insurance office at Cornhill.

Mr. Bishop won £120,000 in the Calcutta Sweepstake of 1926, but he is still at the insurance office. He bought himself a bigger motor-car and a few things like that. The rest of his wealth he invested.

Cool as a cucumber

And the day that he won the money he took a 'bus home as usual. He did not even hire a "taxi," although it was raining. He put up his umbrella and walked from the 'bus to his house.

Then there is Mr. C. H. Harris, a clerk in a branch of the Midland Bank in the City. Mr. Harris won £15,000 in the Stock Exchange "sweep" the year before last, but he went on working as usual.

But for coolness in the face of fortune the record is held by Mr. F. S. Screaton, who won £20,000 in the Stock Exchange "sweep" last year.

Mr. Screaton is a twenty-seven-year-old Nottingham cobbler.

He was at work when the news was brought to him. He was mending a pair of shoes, and he went on mending them.

"I'm too busy to talk now," he said, when his friends came to congratulate him.

He deserves to be recorded as one of the most phlegmatic men in history. It was several days before his friends could persuade him to go to London to collect the money he had won.

Even then he only agreed to go on a half-day trip. He went to the organisers' office, obtained his cheque and went straight back to his cobbling.

Let us turn for a change to a winner after the romantic fashion—the story of Captain H. P. Griffiths, an Assistant Commissioner of Police in Nigeria.

African sunset

Captain Griffiths drew Fairway in the Calcutta "sweep." He had already left London, where he had been on leave, for his station at Yola, when the news was known.

One evening Captain Griffiths sat outside his house in the moonlight of a Nigerian evening, smoking, with his wife beside him.

And then a messenger from the coast arrived, saluted, and handed Captain Griffiths a cablegram.

It told him of his luck in the draw and contained an offer of £27,000 from a London syndicate for a part of his ticket.

"And now," said Captain Griffiths, when they had grasped the terrific import of the message: "now we can leave all this and buy a cottage in Devonshire, with lots of pigs and chickens, and live as we've always dreamed."

Then there was Miss Gwennie Thomas, the twenty-six-year-old Liverpool typist, who won £62,000 in the "Calcutta" of 1922.

There is romance in abundance here.

Miss Thomas had always longed to go abroad. On the day on which she received the winnings she left her lodgings in Zig-Zag Road, Wallasey, telling her landlady she was going off for a short holiday.

Since then a short message has been received by a girl with whom she worked at the office.

Perhaps she is abroad, enjoying the life as it can be enjoyed with £62,000; perhaps she is married.

She went through the magic door opened for her by the god of Chance.

Shared with orphans

There was another Liverpool winner in the "Calcutta"—Mr. James Carew, who won £89,000 in 1925. Mr. Carew did what many people must have thought of doing in similar circumstances.

He drove to an orphanage, the Nazareth Home at Crosby, and shared his good fortune with the fatherless children.

Three years ago a twenty-one-year-old London girl secretary, Miss Cynthia Farr, sat in a London cinema.

Suddenly there was flashed on the screen the news that she had won £30,000 in the Stock Exchange Sweepstake. She did what shows her to be a true woman. She went out of the picture theatre and had a cup of tea.

Afterwards she and her mother made plans, and now they have travelled widely abroad, as they had often wanted to.

Two years ago Mr. Billy Kilpatrick, a dental mechanic in Capetown, won £168,000 in the "Calcutta." His parents lived in a little cottage in the hills near Kendal.

They heard the news of their son's good fortune, that meant good fortune for them also, as they listened-in to the wireless after supper. Mr. Kilpatrick, after helping some of his friends in Capetown, came home.

Golden harvest

Rich men and poor men, pretty young typists and middle-aged spinsters, men at home and men abroad, all sorts and conditions of people have shared in the golden harvest of the sweepstakes.

All sorts of people will win in the future. Therein lies their glamour and their ever-increasing popularity. They make all things possible in a world which for most of us is ordinarily somewhat unexciting.

5 for 10D.

It's the wonderful fresh *satisfying* fragrance of Manikins that endears them to so many devoted friends.

Manikins *satisfy* and their fragrant quality at the price is possible because they are rolled from the delicate tip leaves, too small for the large cigar, yet actually the sweetest smoke of all.

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5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

REAL LIFE STORIES

by Famous Authors

"Private Sandy caught sight of the arrogant nose and pale eyes. . . . He approached sheepishly. 'This you, lady?' he asked"

Illustrated by Leo Bates

THIS is the true story of a man I never met. No one could even tell me his name. I only know what he did. The memory of that still flourishes in that land of willows, all along the swift, wide Danube, from Vienna, which seems but at the back of Switzerland, down even to Belgrade.

He was young and cheerful. His cap was often at the back of his head and a cigarette in the corner of his smile.

He drifted in, hung fecklessly about Budapest, he drifted out again and vanished, returning no doubt to some inconspicuous life, but leaving behind him a glamour which may yet grow into a proverb.

He was drably dressed, heavy laden, a reddish-haired youth who groused over-much, a British private soldier.

For enjoying himself he had genius, and he soaked up the pleasures of the town as a sponge soaks up water. And in consequence he was given to overstaying his pass and to being slovenly on parade.

But there was no means of replacing him, and so he remained, a problem to the officer and one of the many cares for the sergeant of that small, isolated detachment which acted as a guard for the British Missions, diplomatic and military, in Hungary.

For lack of his actual name we will call him Sandy.

* * *

Spring came late and wistful breezes fluttered over the Danube. But in that shrill and open country and in those quiet towns there was no answering joy. Peace, which had come at last, had brought disillusionment, despair, the end of hopes. Slowly the year 1919 spread over the thousand miles of plain and willow.

Down in half-starved Pest a rudderless Government drifted on towards Bolshevism. Up on the hill of Buda, amongst the ancient forts and wise old palaces, the little British detachment mounted guard, played endless card games, swore and groused.

Then the Government crumpled: Bolshevism was proclaimed, property of all kinds seized.

Private Sandy, come in from duty, slipped his equipment on to the bed and addressed the sleeping room. "Looting down there, chaps. What you think? Eh? If any ever came my way——"

"Stow it, can't ye?" a voice urged from the darkness.

"You've got to get 'old of cash some'ow." Private Sandy went on in a rhetoric of whispers. "Might is right now. Eh? The sands are running out." That phrase pleased him. "Yep, the sands are running out."

DOWN in the city food was scarcer than ever: for the well-to-do there was none. Banks had closed, shops were shuttered. Trade of any sort had vanished. Sometimes a shot would ring out in an empty street.

The foreign Missions realised it was time to go. The officers of them began to pack. And all day women slipped furtively into their offices, beseeching them to take jewels or securities over the guarded and impassable frontier, so that something might be saved from the wreck. To do so was, of course, impossible, and the women left disconsolate.

Later they returned to try the detachment. But the men were kept confined to quarters and there was no passing the sentry and nothing but polite refusals from the sergeant. With sad steps they went away, taking jewels as worthless to them as so many beads.

The hour of departure drew near: the detachment outside its quarters, with its equipment stacked against the wall, made its final preparations.

Private Sandy was the last out into the empty cobbled street. A cigarette hung from the corner of his mouth. Some of his buttons were still undone and he was winding a mis-started puttee, while the rest of the detachment watched and laughed.

"There's a time coming," he mumbled. "It's 'appened 'ere. It's going to 'appen everywhere. You watch it, chaps. I'm going to be in the front rank of the share-out, I am."

The sergeant had gone in again to make certain that the rooms, which would be probably occupied by the Bolsheviks that evening, were being left challengingly clean.

WITH his rifle held so aptly on his shoulder that it seemed to have the lightness of a sword, he went out on to the terrace and took a last look over the city. His pose was soldierly, stereotyped, non-committal; his thoughts were his own.

Meanwhile in the street a woman had appeared from round the corner and had drawn discreetly up to the detachment. The corporal, who was busy getting Private Sandy into shape, did not see her.

From her muff she fingered out a package. Everyone guessed what she wanted. She approached Private Brown, who was boyish and frank. He shook his head. She turned to Private Hodnett, but he looked away.

Private Whale, "Old Man Whale," who had a suet face and a big moustache, indicated with a jerk of the chin Sandy's equipment which stood against the wall.

She bent for a moment, pushed her parcel into the mouth of its ill-stowed pack and slipped away as though she had never existed.

The sergeant returned sprucely. Private Sandy was shaken, complaining, into his kit. The detachment fell in and presently the officer appeared.

Words of command broke the silence of the old fortress-town. Blind windows of the plaster palaces stared

The SOUVENIR

by GEOFFREY MOSS

"He drifted in . . . and drifted out again . . . but leaving behind him a glamour which may yet grow into a proverb"

down upon the empty street; but from somewhere spies watched the little detachment as it sloped arms, formed fours, turned to the left and marched off.

* * *

It was not till he reached Vienna that Private Sandy made the discovery. His helmet and equipment lay on the floor beside him, his curl hung over his forehead, he was beginning to pull oddments out of his pack.

The floor was hard, the light was bad. He had run out of cigarettes and found no one to give him any.

"Things won't go on this way," he grumbled to himself. For at the moment he was alone in the room. "—Ho, no—there'll be a share-out and I'll——'Ullo." He had come upon the parcel.

Something in it rattled in a way at once dull but exciting. With a glance to make sure there was no one about, he unwrapped the outer layers. Then with shaking fingers he undid the twists of tissue paper.

AT last the contents lay spread before him: a rope of large, beautifully matched pearls; two smaller ropes; a flexible tiara of diamonds; a great egg-shaped emerald; rings, ear-rings; a brooch of enamel with an Imperial crown upon it; a coroneted envelope directed in a long, slanting foreign hand and a folded sheet of paper.

By the light of a match he read the note:

"*When you are come to Vienna will you be most kind as to take these to the address. Anyone tells you of it. It is seventeen kilometres. It makes the saving of our family.*"

Private Sandy did up the parcel carefully, slipped it back into his pack, sat down on the floor again and leant back against the wall. "Wish I 'ad a fag," he thought.

He folded his arms, shook his curl and looked around the cheerless room. Even one of those trinkets, even a "rake off" of the parcel, would set a man up for life. Most likely none in the detachment had an idea the thing was there; and, in any case, no one could know what the parcel contained.

And she, whoever she had been, had chosen him out of them all! "Me of 'em all," he thought, and laughed. The blinking share-out!—the share-out—with a vengeance!

That night he slept little. Sparkling visions floated through his mind: of himself owner of a car; of himself standing treat up in the West End; of himself staying in seaside hotels; of himself abroad; of himself back again and with cash to spare in Budapest.

Slowly the window bars grew distinct, slowly that mournfulness which is not yet light crept across the ceiling. A languor came over him. He dreaded the approaching day, the hour of reveille and the end of dreams.

That afternoon, tidier than was his wont, he went to the sergeant to put in for leave.

"Going far?" the sergeant enquired with a steady eye.

"Seventeen kilometres."

"You'll be back by——?"

Sandy made calculations. "Ten, sergeant."

"Not a minute after. That'll be all right."

"Any objection to me taking my entrenching-tool 'andle, sergeant?"

"If you had it down the leg of your breeks no one would know you'd got it. By ten, though."

The sergeant did not mention the matter; he had fourteen years' service; the lieutenant was "for the duration"; and, in any case, it does not do to tell any officer everything.

Private Sandy set off upon his twenty-two-mile walk. The afternoon was sunny and his gay shadow went before him. But behind him, though he did not know it, there followed other shadows.

What happened on that walk there is no means of knowing. But when he reached the castle he had lost all his unwonted smartness.

There was a scratch across his cheek, an evil gash ran down the shoulder of his jacket; there was blood on the business end of his entrenching-tool helve; his lip was cut, and his haversack was gone.

All that was left of it, two frayed ends of webbing strap, dangled forlornly from his belt.

* * *

Of late so many odd things had happened in the world that the old lady, whom we will call Countess Eulalie Czernayi, was hardly surprised when her manservant, shuffling through the room in carpet slippers, remarked tartly that a foreign soldier, who had obviously been fighting but who held an envelope addressed to her Excellency, was asking to see her.

She resettled her shawl, craned her shrivelled neck further out of her high collar and disposed her hands.

Private Sandy, stepping in and glancing round the room, cluttered with nick-nacks and monumental furniture, caught sight of the arrogant nose and pale eyes beside the high china stove. He approached sheepishly.

"This you, lady?" he asked, extending his envelope.

"So," said the Countess Eulalie, who had learnt English when the waltz had been young, but had not used it since.

Private Sandy's cut lip widened to a smile as he began to unbutton his dishevelled jacket.

The martial swell of his chest vanished and from between it and his grey shirt he produced the package. Fumblingly he worked and presently his whole exhibit lay ranged upon the three-footed table.

"That's the lot of 'em," he announced.

It was three weeks since the old Countess Eulalie had had news of her grand-daughter. That there was Bolshevism in Budapest the papers had told her; she had read, too, ghastly rumours.

The fortune of the family had largely vanished in the fall of currency, the lands had been taken and she had considered the famous Czernayi jewels as gone.

But now that they lay, familiar, splendid and glittering, beside her, those thin hands which long ago archdukes had admired quivered a little upon her shawl.

But this untidy boy in a foreign uniform was handing her a letter, so she accepted it and lifted it close to read. Presently she had finished.

HER button boots shifted from the wooden footstool to the carpet and out of a great upheaval of shawl and silks she stood august before her chair.

"I find this most noble," she recited in a thin quaver. "I find it most noble indeed. In the name of the family. . . . It is related in this," the letter trembled in her claw, "that one gives——," she fumbled on the table, her fingers found a bracelet of diamonds, and she held it out.

Private Sandy shook his curl. "No, no, lady. Thank you all the same."

The aged fingers trailed the bracelet across the table again. The pale eyes considered this ungainly youth.

"This—this, also, I find most noble." She stretched out that thin ivory claw, and Private Sandy, who had never heard of kissing hands, wrung it heartily.

For a moment there was silence. In her old brain tradition stirred like an echo of long ago and her fingers fumbled to draw a bracelet of coral beads from her wrist.

"For souvenir," she explained.

But Private Sandy had not seen what she was doing.

"Souvenir?" he muttered. That was a word he knew.

He produced a dirty clasp knife, cut the button from his jacket and laid it on the table.

* * *

THERE it lies amongst the jewels of that illustrious family, beside the great egg-shaped emerald which John Czernayi took in battle from a Turkish Pasha centuries ago, beside those pearls, some of which came from the disastrous necklace of a French Queen, beside the locket Maria Teresa gave Julius Czernayi in the Cathedral of Pressburg.

It is tarnished, a piece of cheaply stamped brass, which even in its military career had never been over-well polished, a souvenir, a General Service button, as issued in their hundred millions to the rank and file of the British Army and handed on by them to the women of the world.

Next Week's Real Life Story:

What Odds? *or Courier for Cupid*

by DALE COLLINS

END CORNS
Once and for all

The most stubborn, deeply-bedded corn will lift out, root and all, if you follow the writer of this letter. Simply slip a tablespoonful of Radox Bath Salts into a foothath every day. Soak your feet for 20 minutes. In a very short time, not only can corns be pulled out painlessly by the fingers, but all tiredness and aching of the feet will be completely relieved. Read the letter:—

"I first started to use Radox about two years ago, when I developed a very painful and obstinate corn which nothing would remove, and which was rendering me practically a cripple. I found that by soaking the feet daily for about ten minutes in a solution of Radox, I was able to remove the corn bit by bit, until by the end of one week the root as well came out, leaving quite a big hole. THE CORN HAS NEVER RETURNED. *I found that Radox not only kept me from developing more corns, but enabled me to keep down the hard skin to which I am subject on the soles of my feet. I never now get that dreadful burning dryness, nor the sensation that my feet will burst, when I have been on my feet some time. Radox keeps them soft and fresh."*

Miss M. M., Hornsey, London, N.8
18th March, 1929.

You, too, can get this glorious relief, simply by Taking Radox footbaths. Radox supercharges the water with oxygen, which penetrates the hard outer layers of the corn and carries the corn-softening salts right to the root, which is thus loosened so that it can be lifted out bodily.

1/6 *Half-pound Pink Packet*

Radox Bath Salts

"Bring Quick Relief to Aching Feet."

Ask for Radox at your chemist's. Price 1/6 per ½-lb. Pink Packet, and 2/6 double quantity. JB

HOW TO LOSE TWO DOZEN POUNDS OF FAT

At the same Time Gain in Physical Vigour and Youthfulness and Swiftly Possess a Clear Skin and Vivacious Eyes that Sparkle With Glorious Health.

Here's the recipe that banishes fat and brings into blossom all the natural attractiveness that every woman possesses.

Every morning take one quarter teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in your first cup of tea, or in a glass of hot water.

Be sure and do this every morning for "It's the little daily dose that takes off the fat."—Don't miss a morning. The Kruschen habit means that every particle of poisonous waste matter and harmful acids and gases are expelled from the system.

At the same time the stomach, liver kidneys and bowels are tuned up and the pure, fresh blood containing Nature's six life-giving salts are carried to every organ, gland, nerve and fibre of the body and this is followed by "that Kruschen feeling" of energetic health and activity that is reflected in bright eyes, clear skin, cheerful vivacity and charming figure.

If you want to lose fat with speed get a 1/9 bottle of Kruschen Salts from any chemist. A 1/9 bottle lasts 3 months—a farthing a day for health and happiness. Start to-morrow. JB

Drinks made from Real Fruit Juices

KIA-ORA
LEMON ORANGE

KIA-ORA reputation for quality is due to the excellence of the fine fruit used, the hygienic preparation, the very low cost per glass and the ease with which drinks made from Kia-Ora can be prepared.

Using Kia-Ora at home does away with all trouble of preparation and all waste. During manufacture Kia-Ora is untouched by hand.

A large bottle makes from 25 to 30 glasses.

Just mix with water—cold or hot.

1'1 and 2/- per bottle at all Grocers, Wine and Spirit Merchants and Chemists.

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Libby's

Packed in 12-oz. and 24-oz. Tins for Family Use.

Established in 1868.

To the death . . . .

BRUTAL DOG-FIGHT ORGIES

"The fighting dog . . . . the gamest animal in the world"

IN a recent issue we drew attention to the revival of cock-fighting, and we are now able to expose further brutalities perpetrated in the name of "sport" at specially staged fights between dogs bred and trained for no other purpose.

These cruel duels take place occasionally in various parts of the country. They are more often staged in Staffordshire than elsewhere.

The old saying that a dog is man's best friend is tragically travestied, for the men fiends who glory in this "sport" have been known to amputate the limbs of their "best friend" at the ringside, and have then backed it to beat an opponent while fighting on the raw bones and stumps of injured legs!

Compared with this, cock-fighting is a drawing-room pastime.

Favourite breed

The favoured breed is the bull-terrier, originally a cross between the old-time bull-dog and an English terrier.

The object of the cross-breeding was to combine the courage of the former with the agility of the latter.

Just as with the game fowl, no pains are spared in an endeavour to produce the finest possible fighting strain.

Parents are chosen primarily for their savagery.

Puppies are trained to fight and encouraged to exhibit the worst side of their natures from birth. Some have been known to slay cats when only three months old.

Rigid systems of training are carried out, spread over three, four or six weeks. Its diet during this period will consist of calves-feet jelly, sheep's-head jelly, rump steak, milk, and as little water as possible.

The actual training is usually carried out indoors, in a room in which a large fire can be lit.

On one side a large staple is driven into the wall, and a strong cord, with a piece of rubber in the middle, is used to tether the dog to the staple.

A kitten or rat is then placed at the other side of the fire, just out of the dog's reach. He is then encouraged to jump at the "bait," but each time he is violently checked by the spring of the rubber leash.

Of course, he goes on making frantic dashes until he finally falls exhausted in front of the fire.

One hour of this concentrated cruelty per day for four weeks is supposed, by the leading trainers, to fit a dog for a fight which may last six hours.

As regards the actual matches, the rules relating to the secret bouts are just as strict and detailed as those prevailing in legitimate sports and pastimes.

A preliminary feature is the weighing-in of the contesting animals, after which each has to be "tasted"—a term used to denote a test applied by an appointed official, who has to lick the animals in various places to make sure that their coats have not been treated with tobacco-water, bluestone or other chemical that would blister the mouth of an opponent.

When these preliminaries have been satisfactorily accomplished, the wretched animals are taken to the pit, which is divided in the centre by a chalk line, known as the "scratch."

To madness

The dogs are then "played" or excited almost to madness by their handlers in opposite corners, and each in turn must cross the scratch line and fetch his opponent from his "home" corner.

This is one of the Birmingham rules, and it means that a dog may be disabled or lying dead in his corner and yet win a fight because his opponent has not the courage to face him again or is too weak to drag himself across the "scratch."

The moment the dogs are released by their handlers at the opening of a contest they usually fly straight for each other's throats and are soon locked together in a tussle for life.

One extraordinary feature is that a sound is seldom heard. Growls and whimpers are exceptional.

The very silence makes the spectacle the more diabolical, and from the outset the sawdust in the ring becomes bespattered and soaked with blood, while huge gaping wounds soon appear on head, chest and legs of the combatants.

Drags on for hours

At last one loosens his grip momentarily to draw breath, and this is a signal for the "round" to end.

The handlers rush in; the dogs are carried to their corners; their wounds are bathed, and then, after one brief minute's interval, the bestial business begins again.

The duration of such a fight varies considerably. Sometimes it is over in an hour; sometimes it drags on for six.

No mercy or sympathy is accorded to the vanquished dog, who is either killed on the spot or given away, while the victor is borne home in triumph in the hands of his sympathetic supporters, to be carefully nursed and tended in the hope that he will not die of his terrible wounds, but will live to fight again.

Cruelty run riot

These orgies of cruelty take place to-day.

Admittedly they are not frequent and are conducted in the greatest secrecy.

Sheds, stables or large rooms in private houses—anywhere, in fact, sufficiently large to contain the "pit" and spectators—are used as a stage for them.

The sport is sometimes varied by the baiting of a badger. This animal is deemed particularly suitable by devotees for trying out young dogs because of its tremendously thick skin and its almost incredibly tenacious grip on life.

It usually takes three dogs to kill a badger and the wretched animal may be forced to fight for half an hour before being finally killed.

His bite is terrible, and though he may kill or maim more than one of his adversaries, he has no sporting chance, because fresh dogs are immediately set on him, and he must inevitably succumb at last, though not, as a rule, until completely disembowelled and mauled beyond recognition.

Debased minds

None but hopelessly debased minds could possibly derive a moment's pleasure from these brutal spectacles.

The fighting dog may be the gamest animal in the world, but this can be taken on trust without resorting to organised dog fights for proof.

MINER *strikes* OIL

"I haven't . . . a dictionary"

ONCE more a single reader has won our great £500 Crossword cheque. He is Mr. Carr, of 11, Victoria Road, Wombwell, near Barnsley.

When a JOHN BULL representative called at his home on Whit Monday to confirm the news, he found Mr. Carr at home with his wife and two sons.

"It was only my third shot at a competition," said the winner, "and I haven't such a thing as a dictionary in the house!"

"There's a bit of a coincidence about it all, too. Our house is No. 11, and the Crossword I won is No. 11 in your series."

"That's nothing," put in Mrs. Carr, looking up from her ironing. "Why, when I went out to take your entry to the post, one of the neighbours said, 'What have you got there?' So I answered 'This is our £500 worth!"

Mr. Carr is a miner, forty-six years of age, and employed at Elsecar Main Colliery, where he has worked ever since he left school

Lately, however, the family has fallen on hard times.

"We've had rough luck," explained Mr. Carr. "Sickness, an accident, and short time at the pit. This is the first Whit Monday we have spent at home for nine or ten years. Generally we are off to Cleethorpes for the day.

"What shall I do with the money? Nothing soft. My silly head told me how to win it; and I expect my silly head will tell me how to spend it.

"Maybe we'll invest it. Maybe, if anything comes along to take me out of the pit, I'll put the money into that. But I shan't be in a hurry to decide."

Another £500 is offered this week. Turn to page 5 and see if you cannot do yourself a good turn.

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RELAX the nerves—relax the tension on your brain—and your mind works more clearly and easily.

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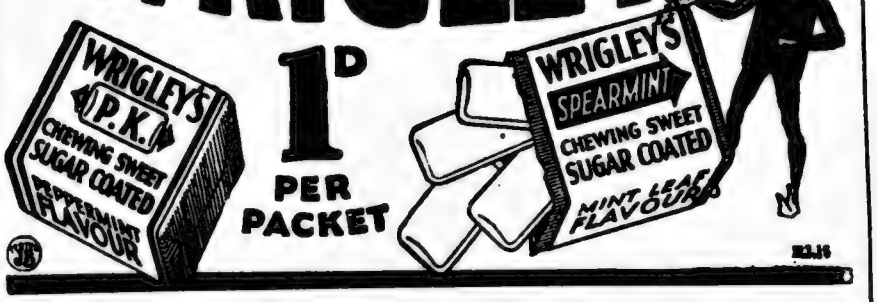
In two flavours—P.K., a true peppermint flavour—Spearmint, a pure mint leaf flavour.

WRIGLEY'S



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pimples

Banished in 14 Days

Pimples and Spots are Nature's warning, and to remove them you must follow Nature's way. Wex starts by clearing the blood of all impurities. Each morning the complexion becomes clearer and the bloom of health returns to the cheeks. Often it takes only 10 to 14 days for every pimple and blemish to disappear. Read this letter describing one lady's actual experience :—

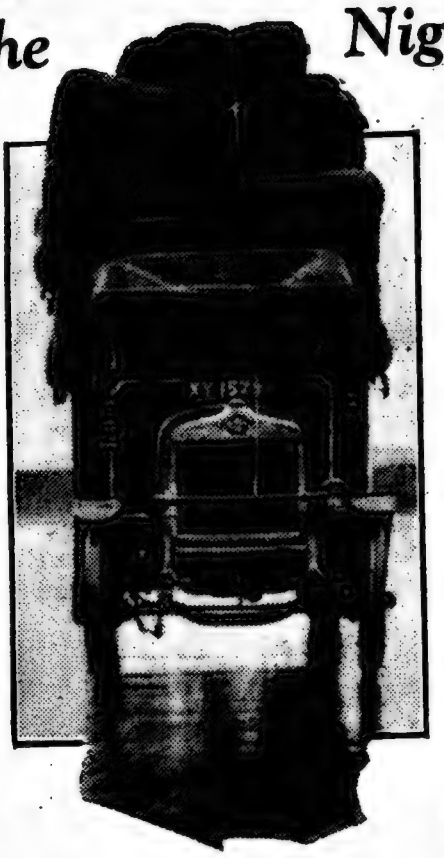
" I should like to tell you that Wex is just what I have been looking for. I found it most excellent for a disordered stomach, and it also cleared my face of pimples and blotches in less than a fortnight. Also I have felt much better since taking Wex, and, in fact, it is giving my cheeks quite a colour."

March 4th, 1929. *Mrs. J. H. M'D.*

Why Wex Removes Pimples

Pimples and Spots are caused by thickening of the bile, which in turn hinders the liver from performing its functions. Wex goes to the root of the matter, assisting Nature by thinning the bile so that the system is cleared of impurities. Then pimples disappear and life becomes a pleasure. Wex Grape Saline makes a sparkling morning drink. You take one teaspoonful of Wex in half a glass of water on rising. Wex is sold by over 9,000 chemists, including all branches of Boots, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White Co., Ltd., at 1s. 6d. per bottle, 2s. 6d. double quantity. Made by E. Griffiths Hughes, Ltd. (Established 1756), Manchester.

All through the Night Ride the LONE PILOTS of the HIGHWAY



THERE is a roar in the night and the giant six-wheeler speeds by, its bulk rising high above the black mass of the hedges outlined against the dark sky.

For a second you catch a glimpse of a figure, shapelessly wrapped in overcoats and mufflers, gazing intently along the strip of road illuminated by the strong headlights. The roar swiftly dies away, and the mighty road-freighter has gone, swallowed up in the silence of the countryside.

Probably you give no thought to the man at the helm of this cargo-boat of the highways—how he works and lives. But he belongs to a rapidly increasing army, an army growing from month to month as the volume of commercial road traffic increases.

The best jobs in this new profession are supposed to be those of the long-journey drivers for the big companies. They have a certainty of regular hours and regular wages. But their life is by no means an easy one.

Clearing-houses

These companies maintain clearing-houses in London and other centres, to which all freight is brought.

At the clearing-house the freight is distributed to the lorries, which are bound for the different routes.

Let us take, for example, the man who is on the regular London-Birmingham run.

He arrives at the clearing-house at 6.30 in the evening and finds his lorry already loaded. All he has to do is to climb up into the driver's seat and start off.

Twelve hours are allowed for the London-Birmingham run, including time for meals. So he arrives at the firm's Birmingham clearing-house at 6.30 the following morning. Immediately his job is done, for these drivers neither load nor unload.

As soon as he gets his receipt for his lorry he goes to the eating-house, where his breakfast is already prepared. He eats and then goes upstairs to bed—to bed and to sleep.

And that same night, another long run; and so on, for five nights in the week. Twice a week he sleeps at home. At week-ends he has a chance to see his family. Otherwise he is sleeping, travelling, working in one long round.

The men on the regular runs are often alone. As there is no loading or unloading to do, it is considered that there is no need for a second driver.

But what if there is an accident? Even the best of drivers on a foggy night may drive into a ditch or hedge. And what then, with no one to assist him? Or suppose a driver fall suddenly ill?

There is also the risk of a breakdown which he cannot repair. He may have to walk two or three miles to a telephone or to a garage.

During this time, his load is left unprotected; and already, lorry-drivers will tell you, a new type of bandit is developing, who plunders the stores of lorries which are unguarded.

Cottage bandits

They are not always wandering bandits—you will hear the drivers telling you over steaming cups of coffee, at a road-hut—but sometimes, it is whispered, local cottagers.

Strange it is that road transport should again bring back to our life the equivalent of the pirates of old, and of the wreckers of our coasts, who considered stranded vessels and their contents to be legitimate booty for the inhabitants of the coastside villages.

But the life of the man on a regular run is relatively easy in comparison with that of the man who works for a small company or for himself.

These are the men who, when they leave London with a load, never know where they may finish up at the end of the week.

Take the case of a lorry, owned by a small company, which leaves London with a load for Birmingham. There will be two men on this van, because they must do the loading and unloading as well as driving.

As soon as they reach Birmingham and unload their freight at the addresses of the various consignees, they go to the post-office, where a telegram from the company may be awaiting them, instructing them to pick up another load somewhere in the town, for any destination—it may be Glasgow or Newcastle.

Up to them

If there is no wire, it is up to them to find business.

They are paid by results, and if they have to return empty to London they receive nothing for the return run.

So, for these men there is an added responsibility, apart from the physical and nervous strain of their work—tonnage, tonnage, tonnage!

Tonnage means more pay, more money for the wife and the kiddies. They must find tonnage.

Once a load is found, they are off again. No bed for them. These men do not work on schedule. They leave when they are ready, and they arrive as soon as they can. And often it happens that they do not sleep in a bed for three or four nights.

If you should be about during the night in the country, you may notice in a quiet lane, a few hundred yards off a main artery, a lorry drawn up close to the hedge, silent and immobile.

The drivers are snatching a couple of hours' sleep. They are like corpses, so worn are they with fatigue. Their pillows are composed of their boots, wrapped up in sacks.

There they lie for an hour or two, when automatically they will awaken, and the swift run will commence again.

You will see them come into one of the all-night eating-houses almost walking in their sleep. Here are lights and warmth and the cheery conversation of other road-men, leather-coated, gauntleted and black with grime.

As soon as they have ordered their meal, their heads will sink forward upon their folded arms upon the table, and they are fast asleep.

It is in these eating-houses, kept open all night, catering specially for their custom, that you will find the real tang of the road.

The question of where to obtain food and a bed is one of the problems of the long-journey driver. There are all too few establishments which cater for him.

The men would appreciate comfort during their brief halts for meals, but usually only a third-rate eating-house in a town, or the coffee-hut by the roadside, provides for them.

No room

The commercial hotels do not care to take them in to sleep, so the men say. They will arrive worn and soiled, and very often they are met with the response: No room. They may suspect that this is not true; they may guess that the hotel does not wish to take them in; but how are they to prove it?

On the other hand, it must be admitted that many hotels are willing and eager to accommodate drivers, but they have insufficient garage room, and a driver cannot leave his lorry parked anywhere. He is responsible for the safety of the cargo.

It is one thing for a hotel to accommodate the cars of tourists or commercial travellers; but very few have space to house an immense six-wheel lorry, often with a large trailer.

Some of the best stopping-places for long-journey drivers are old-fashioned country inns, which have long since lost their licences and have been standing vacant.

Such buildings usually have a great courtyard or stand back off the road with an enclosure in front—a legacy from the old coaching days—which is roomy enough for a dozen lorries.

Who will take in hand their renovation and transformation into comfortable hostels for the long-journey drivers?

Another welcome aid would be the compilation of a published list of all hotels and other establishments willing and able to cater for drivers.

The pay of these drivers is not too princely. The men on regular runs for the large companies receive an average of 22s. per working day.

But they must pay for their beds out of this, and they sleep away from home several nights in the week. There is, of course, no extra allowance for food on the road.

And, as we have seen, many of the smaller companies pay by results. It is something in the nature of a lottery for the driver. He may have a very good week, or it may be a very poor one.

But one must not harp too much upon the difficulties and hardships of the long-journey driver's life. That would give an incorrect picture.

The roving spirit, deep in the heart of every man, keeps him on the road. He will see new cities and meet other people and travel different roads. Always the unknown is calling. Despite discomfort and eye-strain and fatigue, he loves the variety of his life.

The vans rush on

To-night, when you draw the bedclothes snugly up to your chin and roll comfortably over for eight hours of the best, think of the road transport man.

On the great highways of Britain the vans rush on. Through sleet or hail or gale, or under a calm moon on a fragrant night of spring—it is all the same; he is sitting there at the wheel, intent, immobile, peering forward, every sense alert, every nerve taut, fighting sleep.

The great black lorries swing by, carrying their precious freights; sure and swift they run, piloted by the lads whose job it is to see they arrive on time, intact and sound.

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Portrait of a Lady with a

FORTUNE *on her* BACK

£2,000-a-Year Dress Bills

A few readers have written that our occasional pictures of life among the poor depress them. Here is an intimate picture of life among the Smart Set. It depresses us

THE minimum on which a smart Society woman can consider herself well dressed is £2,000 per annum!

It may at first seem difficult to spend this large amount on clothes; but it must be remembered it is essential that at least four changes should be made each day, and that the same suits cannot appear too often.

Morning, luncheon, afternoon and evening dress; each toilet necessitates a change of lingerie, stockings and shoes, while hats, bags and parasols must also match.

Let us take my lady's wardrobe according to the seasons. Just now she will need two tailor-made coats and skirts, one dark and one light, in cloth, for morning wear.

These will average twenty guineas apiece. A selection of jumpers must accompany each costume, averaging from £3 3s. to £5 5s. each.

Then for luncheon a choice of two-piece suits is necessary, in satin or taffeta, and lighter garments in crêpe de chine for afternoon wear. These frocks must have a coat to match. They cost from fifty to sixty guineas each.

Sports clothes

Then there is the question of sports clothes, woollies and tweeds, for all the year round. Of these there are two kinds, one for sport in earnest and the other for looking on and enjoying yourself generally.

Three-piece tweeds, of finest quality and beautifully tailored, come out at forty-five guineas; woollies average from ten to fifteen.

There must be included a wide range of jumpers. A smart woman does not care to be seen in the same garment more than two or three times.

The wardrobe must always include a smart black coat, preferably of hopsack, lined with ermine, with a fur collar. This can be obtained for about £85.

Afternoon frocks are of lace, georgette or crêpe de chine, each with its coat to match.

Additional gowns are always needed for visits to Deauville and other Continental resorts, but by care and ingenuity these may be wangled from the miserable minimum already quoted.

The question of evening gowns is serious and fascinating. No really *chic* woman will wear the same dress twice within the period of a month.

It sounds incredible and a little foolish, for to the uninitiated it would seem that before your clothes can suit you perfectly they must make acquaintance with your figure.

But this is not so in fashionable society. My lady must have a minimum of at least twenty evening gowns on which she rings the changes, casting forth some every little while.

Each dress must have its coat *en suite*. It is permitted, however, to wear an ermine wrap for economy's sake! But the money thus saved has to be earmarked for grand toilettes.

The ordinary evening gown which may serve for a dinner or dance is comparatively cheap. It only averages twenty guineas, and some even a little less.

Economies are effected here by the employment of a clever maid, who will copy a model at a tenth of its cost.

The mode at the moment is for light pastel shades and flowered materials. Beige still holds its popularity, which is an advantage when one can spend only the £2,000.

It means that the same pair of shoes may be worn with more than one toilet. Shoes average £3 3s. a pair and gloves a guinea. Society, however, tempers the wind to the shorn lamb and permits even the smartest woman to wear gloves that have been cleaned.

Stockings are 25s. a pair, but in these enlightened days a dozen pairs may be presented in lieu of the old-fashioned chocolates, which since the craze for slimness have become *démodé*.

Spring clothes run into summer. Once we have the heat wave, however, what are known as lingerie gowns are inevitable. These are made of the lightest materials—voile, ninon, etc., each with its coatee *en suite*.

HOW many women can afford to dress like this? For a man and his wife to mix with the Smart Set costs a minimum of £10,000 a year, and there are 4,600 people in Britain whose income is that or more.

Many wives of wealthy men, of course, spend very little on themselves, and are the first to condemn extravagance in dress.

Some members of the Smart Set, on the other hand, keep up appearances at the expense of their creditors.

For duller days the crêpe de chine suits already bought are still available with their corresponding accessories.

There are always special creations to be arranged for Ascot. It is then that my lady feels she must clothe herself with dazzling beauty. Already West End dressmakers have their designs in preparation.

Filmy gowns of exquisite loveliness for the grand stand, white for the evening, snake-like garments of red sequins, pastel-coloured georgettes, marvellous cloaks of hand-painted chiffon, gold lamé wonderfully embroidered.

As the autumn leaves fall, newer and heavier costumes must be procured. Afternoon frocks of a less fragile nature are worn under a fur coat. The latter is not included in the £2,000—it is generally wheedled from hubby or obtained on credit.

One fur coat is by no means sufficient—clipped ermine dyed beige, mole or chinchilla for the finer days, with sable or squirrel for darker weather. It is quite an ordinary thing for a wealthy woman to pay between £5,000 and £7,000 for ermine or chinchilla.

Essence of smartness

A motoring-coat in leather or tweed is, as a matter of course, included. It is the essence of real smartness to be correctly attired for every possible occasion.

To the ordinary woman who has bought a special dress for a garden party it is a matter almost of prayer that the weather should be fine, otherwise she must stay at home or appear unsuitably dressed.

But the opulent owner of a properly constituted wardrobe has garments in tune with every fluctuation of the barometer. It is not until the hour approaches for a function that my lady will decide which special creation is appropriate.

It takes much time and thought as well as money to be really smart. The woman who earns her living has difficulty in sandwiching a shingle between the office and the home.

Yet the Society woman will insist that of the two her life is the more strenuous. It is essential that she should spend hours in being manicured, and put in whole mornings at the beauty specialist's for face massage and complexion treatment.

Barely enough

Then there is the task of choosing all those details which go to make up a perfect whole—bags, handkerchiefs, button-holes, and deciding between the respective allure of two new perfumes.

There are tea parties which must be attended, bridge parties, dinner and supper parties, little dances, big balls, special functions, ceremonial and political—and everywhere and at all times my lady must look her best.

As I have said, £2,000 a year dress allowance, the minimum on which a smart woman can buy her clothes, does not admit of the purchase of furs; neither will it allow for jewellery.

For the rest, however, the total suffices, and by careful management and judicious economy my lady can feel that she is always adequately dressed.

Thirst man home!

You need not be on your last legs to get a proper thirst—a real good thirst that calls for real good lager. Just think of Barclay's! There's the drink to lay the dust and do you a power of good! Rare creamy lager, the one drink for all thirsty stalwarts. Barclay's light or Barclay's dark, verily both grand and hearty drinks!

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Tangle of a brewer who wants

A Harem for Two

with a lunatic wife in the background

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. Each one came from a perplexed man or woman. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

WHEN I was sixteen my father was killed by a horse's kick. My mother was left a widow with eight children.

I was compelled to take a situation in a town far away from home; and when I had to write to her that I had lost my job, she sent word that it was impossible to take me back.

She was keeping her home together by taking in washing, but I could not help feeling embittered at what appeared her harshness in leaving me, an inexperienced girl, to the tender mercies of the world.

I resisted the temptations about me, and was thankful to get a job as junior clerk in a brewery at 15s. a week, from which I had to pay for my lodgings and clothes.

Almost starving, I asked the manager for more money. It was at first refused, but when he learned of my plight he gave me a substantial rise, and then onwards steady promotion.

He was only forty-eight, but his wife had for years been in a lunatic asylum, being released occasionally in sane moments. He took me for rides in his car, and visited my lodgings.

He was transferred to another branch, and begged me to move with him and become his housekeeper. At last I yielded. I would have given my life for him, and he gave proof that he, too, worshipped me.

Our life together was like one long honeymoon. He prospered, and we took a large house, in which we had parties and entertained lavishly, all believing me to be his wife. He could not marry me as his wife would not release him.

Then our child came, and my cup of happiness and his seemed overflowing, until it was shattered by the sudden realisation that my best girl friend, a woman nearer my "husband's" age, had betrayed me and had been betrayed by him.

Confronted with what I had found out, my "husband" protested that it was I he really loved, but that he could not throw off the fascination of the other woman. He begged me with tears to allow things to go on as they were, he living with us both in the same house.

I could not stand it, although I still loved him, and ran away with a few clothes and my child.

He has tried to kidnap my child, to whom he is devoted, from my lodgings, and still begs me to go back to him.

Meanwhile, however, a man who is free to marry me has offered me his name and a home, and although I have told him that no one can ever take the place of the man who betrayed me, he still urges me to marry him.

I am in desperate need, but such a marriage can only be a marriage of convenience, and not of love.

Shall I accept the legal security of marriage or the home of the man I love?

"HUMANIST" says: You would be wiser to accept the offer of marriage. But before doing so, take steps to obtain an allowance for your child.

As the father appears to be weak rather than bad, he will no doubt come to terms amicably without forcing you to sue for a maintenance order.

A ROLLING STONE

brought to a standstill

JUST twenty-nine years of age, I am in despair. I was never satisfied with home life, but always longing to roam. At last I got a job as dining-car attendant on a Pullman running between Manchester and London.

I soon tired, thinking I could do better in London itself. Here I managed to get a waiter's job, but only stuck it for six months. I was soon down and out, with every spare rag in pawn and not one halfpenny in my pocket. I was too proud to appeal to my parents for help.

At last I got a rough job as kitchen-porter in a hotel, and stuck it until I saved enough to get to Brighton. In Brighton I chummed up with a girl, who finally took me to live with her.

Later I discovered she was a married woman with two children, but I loved her, and when I came to London to a job, sent her money every week. On returning to Brighton I found she had lived with another during my absence.

I forgave her, and when I got taken on as a waiter at one of the hotels, I took her with me to the staff dance.

Not one of the staff, when they saw my companion, would speak to me, for she was known as a most notorious prostitute.

The affair ended my engagement, and I have not been able to find work since. I got into debt and was arrested. From prison I wrote, for the first time for years, to my mother. She replied as only a mother can, and urged me to go home, especially if I wished to see father, who was on his death-bed.

But my companion, who openly announced her intention of plying her trade while I was under detention, was waiting for me to come out when the prison gates opened.

She declares I am the father of her child, for once more she is pregnant. So how can I return to my parents with this hanging over me?

Providence has treated me badly by allowing me to be caught, and I would willingly end it. Give me your candid opinion. Am I better alive or dead?

"HUMANIST" says: "A living dog is better than a dead lion," so don't add blasphemy to your folly. Accept your mother's invitation, but only if you mean to live decently and stick to a job when you find one.

Square matters with your Brighton companion by telling her you will pay on an affiliation order, if she succeeds in obtaining one against you.

A LANDLORD

with a conscience

SOME time ago a woman with two children came to my house asking if I would let two rooms to her. She explained that she had been obliged to leave her husband on account of his cruelty.

After a few weeks, however, a gentleman visitor arrived to see her. This man, she informed my wife, was the children's uncle.

Then one night another man arrived. This fellow declared that he knew his wife had taken rooms in my house and demanded to see her.

I bade him wait while I informed the lady. She wept and cowered. She was terrified of her husband she told me, and begged my protection.

I felt I could do no less than go back to inform him that his wife was far from well and unable to see him.

He retorted that he didn't believe a word of it, and was so abusive that I shut the door in his face.

Now comes the sequel. Our lodger has applied in court for a separation order with maintenance, which has been granted.

Now she is secured by this court order she freely brings her "fancy man," as we know him to be, to the house.

This is profoundly worrying me for I know, should the truth come out, that her husband would not be required to maintain her.

Should I tell him? And, above all, did I do wrong in shielding her that night?

"HUMANIST" says: You were perfectly right in preventing what might have been a scene of violence in your home. Nor does the letting of rooms carry with it the office of moral censor.

Your remedy is to give your lodger notice to quit and trust her husband to find out for himself how the land lies. He is evidently capable of doing it.

Homely Wisdom

WOMAN *brings* PEACE

by the Rev R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THE fact that for the first time in the history of this country female voters preponderate at a General Election is being commented upon in many quarters, and the question asked whether it will make much difference to the result.

I think it will, but the difference will be less apparent in the present election than in future ones; and I believe, too, that it will be a difference based on the psychological distinction between the sexes.

Few people seem to reckon with this. Many talk as if women were like men, except in being less rational and more emotional.

THERE is a far profounder distinction—which is that women are more tenacious in their personal affections than men.

That there are numerous and conspicuous exceptions goes without saying, but, on the whole, this description of the divergence in habit of mind between men and women holds good.

Sometimes a man will go wild with longing for a particular woman, and either make a fool of himself about her, if she be beyond his reach, or shoot himself because of his frustrated passion; but ninety-nine times out of a hundred that same man will take up with somebody else and cease to care about the original object of his desires.

Will a woman act like this about a man she falls in love with? Very rarely.

There are abnormal women who cannot live without admiration from everybody they meet, who are utterly shallow and selfish, incapable of lasting affection, even devoid of the maternal instinct, but there are not many of them.

The ordinary decent woman will give up her whole life to husband or child; or, if she has neither husband nor child, to the one or two persons who are dearest to her.

A good woman's speciality is self-sacrifice, and in her possession of this she far surpasses the typical man.

This ineradicable fact of feminine human nature will exercise a profound influence in politics if given time enough. It will mean the voting down of bloodshed and every form of bullying in international affairs. It will direct more attention to the family budget and the health and growth of the little ones.

VICES which threaten these will have a poorer chance in the legislation of the future. But no political power will ever compensate a woman for a lonely or broken heart.

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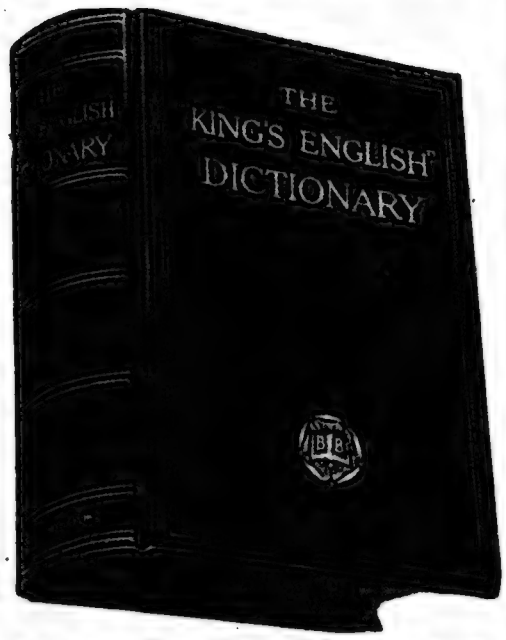

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Please send to me "THE KING'S ENGLISH DICTIONARY" (New Edition) on approval, for five days' FREE Examination. I will return it on the sixth day; or, if I decide to purchase, I will remit a First Payment of 2s. 6d. and ten further monthly payments of 3s. to complete the price of 32s. 6d. (or Cash Price 31s.).

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Children's SORES

THE *safe* way is the Germolene way—the *aseptic* way. Germolene doesn't smart and burn like *anti-septic*; healing starts at once, and *no scars* are left. All the poison and pus are gently *ejected*, and irritation is soothed at the first touch.

No mother should be without Germolene; it is wonderful for *any* skin trouble. Get a tin to-day!

Read this letter.

"My son, aged three, had his face covered with sores so badly that we could not wash him. We tried all sorts of ointments, but they did no good. At last we tried Germolene, and the first tin (1/3) made a complete cure in ten days."—Mr. J. Cole, 12, Clifton Street, Barnsley, Yorks.

Germolene is the most effective treatment for—

Eczema
Infectious rashes, acne and sores. Rely on Germolene to relieve irritation and clear the skin.

Cuts
Safety first—apply Germolene. Many have had cause to regret neglect of a small cut or scratch.

Rashes
and Impetigo—every mother should prove the value of Germolene. It is also most efficacious in cases of ringworm.

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Germolene has scored many notable triumphs in the treatment of bad leg. Full directions are given in the little booklet included with every tin of Germolene.

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abscesses and other ailments arising from blood impurities—take Germolets to cleanse the blood and apply Germolene—hundreds have testified to the success of this treatment.

Scalds
Smear with Germolene and all the smarting and the pain will subside and the danger of blood poisoning will be prevented.

GERMOLENE ASEPTIC SOAP
Use it instead of ordinary Soap if your skin is ailing or complexion poor. You will soon see a big improvement.

Germolene
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Our Letter Parliament

MY MAIDEN SPEECH *if I were a new M.P.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament." Letters on this subject must reach us by first post on Tuesday, June 4.

The Skeleton in My Cupboard.

ON behalf of the women I represent, let me press for discussion and legislation upon the things that matter, and let us observe them from the angle of their effect upon society, and not of their effect upon Party.

We need more and cheaper houses, work for the able-bodied and maintenance for the feeble, the expansion of trade, higher wages, improved methods of education, peace in industry and peace between nations.

To achieve all these ends, let us efface our political labels, and, as statesmen—not as Tories, Socialists or Liberals—hammer out our ideas and fashion our laws.—*Miss Doran, Walsall.*

Cards on the Table

I demand open diplomacy. I suggest that every treaty or pact between Britain and a foreign Power be submitted to Parliament in full for ratification.

It was secret diplomacy in 1914, with all its intrigues and "understandings," which sent the flower of Europe's manhood like sheep to the shambles.

It is that same secret diplomacy which keeps the world on edge to-day.

Let us have plain "cards-on-the-table" diplomacy. The people have a right to know to what they are being committed. It is the people who pay the price, in blood and sacrifice.—*E. Service, Tottenham.*

Frontier with a Moral

Why stumble over straws on the road to peace, and climb over mountains on the road to war and ruin?

If you look upon the continent of America, you will find a land frontier stretching for three thousand miles, between Canada and the United States, the peace of which has never been disturbed by rifle, gun or sword for over a hundred years.

The peoples of those two countries have long since learned to hold sacred the custody of each other's rights.

Not until that splendid example is embodied in the League of Nations shall we see mankind upon the safest and surest grounds of a permanent world peace.—*William Stevenson, Greenock, N.B.*

His Brother's Keeper

I am my brother's keeper. I have been sent into this world to look after his interests. My first concern is the condition of my fellow-men.

Look at those hungry, ragged children. See their workless fathers; their shabby, harassed mothers!

Those are slum-dwellers—our brothers and sisters.

There is your problem. For heaven's sake attend to that problem first; it will not wait much longer.

Until every man, woman and child has a fair chance of decent conditions and a happy life, your civilisation is a sham and your religion a pose.

"Inasmuch as ye did it not . . ."—*D. Martin, Glasgow.*

A "Miss"-Statement

Having been elected mainly by the "flapper" vote, I desire to remind the House that women are going to play an ever-increasing part in the politics of this country.

But do not be alarmed. We are not fools, even if we are flappers. We mean to abolish the old traditions of Party politics. We mean to make this country a real homeland, where people may dwell in peace, comfort and security.

Men have made a mess of things; we mean to make a success.—*Miss A. Andrews, Manchester.*

A Powerful Speaker

I intend, at the first opportunity, to press for a revision of the rules of the House, giving the Speaker authority to call to order all Members who indulge in destructive criticism, vague generalities, and meaningless phrases without contributing constructive ideas and principles to the consideration of the subject at issue.—*H. J. Reynolds, Westminster, S.W.*

A Star in the East

I urge the Government to encourage a turn towards the East. The Russian people are not to blame for dishonouring their war debt. They suffered in helping us, by hanging on to the German flank.

Let us provide the Russian farmers with agricultural machinery. This will keep our pits, foundries and railways busy, and help the Russians back to sane capitalism.—*S. Miles, N.W.*

Save Youth

I wish to draw the attention of the House to the grave problem of unemployment, which is sapping the moral and physical character of the youth of the nation.

I press for the immediate formation of an Industrial and Economic Council to deal specifically with this national evil.

For the agenda I suggest: Trading relations with Russia, repeal of mines hours extension Bill, increased wages or purchasing power, and larger pensions at sixty-five.

I firmly believe that unemployment can be lessened and youth absorbed in industry if my suggestions become operative.—*J. Bowers, Notts.*

Soap-Box Stuff

A famous Labourist has declared that the greatest compliment ever paid him was by Conservatives, who asserted that he addressed the House precisely as he did the street-corner crowds.

I would follow his example and endeavour to give truths without trappings—soap-box stuff, if you like, but no "soft soap."

The indescribable distress prevailing among my fellow-mortals in this country, its immediate alleviation and ultimate obliteration, would be paramount points in my speech.

No man of feeling can talk in subdued, cultured language concerning the apathy shown by those who can, but won't, succour starving humanity.—*Candid, Angus.*

"Truth in Electioneering"

Having been elected as an "Independent" with a record majority over candidates of the three national Parties, I have a mandate from my constituents to present a Bill for "Truth in Electioneering."

During the recent campaign we had hoardings, pamphlets and newspapers flooded with statistical contradictions, judiciously prepared by each Party. "Truth" is a lie and a half, where the sin of omission is great.

I now call upon this House to set up a committee of economists to arrive at a standard of statistics on all national problems.

Startling changes would take place in promises, programmes and Parties.—*F. Easton, Battersea.*

Good Samaritans All

A life experience lies behind my conviction that we provide meagrely for our social services. This House, whatever its faults, is not wanting in a sense of justice.

I believe its individual members possess generous impulses. None would hesitate to help a fellow-being bleeding to death in a ditch. Nor would the question of his faults obtrude itself.

Yet in a worse plight and in a worse ditch are many of our children in the slums. If we pass by on the other side it must be that we know not what we do.—*M. H., Brighton.*

Throw 'Em Overboard!

I would direct the attention of Members of this House to the archaic system of procedure in various matters—all of which are bound up with the business of promoting and forwarding new and urgent legislation.

The breaking of a multitude of precedents in regard to the carrying on of the business of the nation would ultimately prove a sound and constructive policy!—*Ida N. Rogers, Southall.*

* * *

Letters in Little

I shall try in everything that I do in this House to observe the same standard of honour demanded of me in my business and social relations.—*J., Dumbarton.*

National prosperity cannot be measured by studying the bank balances of those who possess such things, nor can it be ascertained by Board of Trade returns regarding exports and imports.—*J. Cook, Motherwell.*

My plea is for a solid "British Empire" Government, which would vie, in sportsmanlike rivalry, with other nations for supremacy—in chivalry.—*J. B., Newcastle.*

I should not pursue the usual policy followed by Parliamentarians of attributing all progress to their own presence and all failures to causes beyond their control.—*E. W. S., Ely.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

Stick to CRAGADOUR

Jelliss

THE Derby comes but once a year, so I shall probably be forgiven for breaking my rule "not to tip."

When I suggested Cragadour, I advised a modest wager on Lord Astor's colt—modest owing to his lordship's bad luck in the great race.

Since then Lord Astor's Epsom misfortunes have supplied the daily Press with columns, and when the son of Craig-an-Eran contracted indigestion, it seemed as if Fate was going to strike in another direction.

However, providing Jelliss arrives at the post with his mount fighting fit, I think Cragadour will be equal to the occasion.

* * *

Hunter's Moon, son of the wonder sire, Hurry On, is my second choice.

Lord Woolavington's hand has not been disclosed, but I have noted that my each-way long shot, Walter Gay, is as firm as a rock in the betting. Anything over 20 to 1 is snapped up.

Finally, one cannot ignore the gallant Mr. Jinks, who has beaten Cragadour as a two and three year old.

In my attempt at the placings I give:

Cragadour 1
Hunter's Moon 2
Walter Gay .. 3
Mr. Jinks 4

If there is another turn-up, Rattlin the Reefer may do the trick.

I have one other good tip for this week. Don't forget to buy a copy of the special Derby Number of the *Sporting Life* Weekly Edition.

Out on Saturday, it will tell you all you want to know about the Blue Riband of the Turf.

JOHN BULL'S CODE

The Code for this week covers the racing from Thursday, May 30, to Wednesday, June 5, and will then be revised.

C B 5 H V 7 F D O K 3 A L U N
Y X G W J P M E T 9 S I Z R Q

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* read the one above or below, as the case may be. WRQC DU3FT1Q would read HUNTER'S MOON.

"SILVER RING."

BAD LEGS

View of National Infirmary for Bad Legs, Gt. Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester, the only Institution in the World founded solely for the Treatment of Bad Legs.

A treatment which permanently heals bad legs by an entirely new method without rest, when doctors and specialists have given the patient up as incurable even with the aid of rest, is something of a novelty, even in these days of medical marvels.

This method is known as the Tremol method of treating bad legs and by it your leg is made well and strong without a moment's rest, without neglecting your work for one single instant, and without the possibility of a failure, because this new method permits of no relapse. These grand results are permanent and lasting. But this is not all. Every form of bad leg succumbs to this new treatment. Varicose ulcers melt away, and even when combined with varicose veins disappear. Eczema vanishes, swollen and painful legs become painless. Tubercular bone and ulcers heal up. Inflammation and irritation become things of the past.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM

VARICOSE ULCERS, VARICOSE ECZEMA, SORE LEGS, SWOLLEN LEGS, PAINFUL JOINTS?

If you suffer from any of these or any other Leg Trouble,

TREMOL IS THE RIGHT TREATMENT

The worst and most hopeless of cases yield to Tremol Treatment. Cases of Twenty, Thirty, and Forty Years' standing succumb to the Treatment. When Doctors and Hospitals have failed, Tremol conquers. Seize your opportunity now. Get your leg soundly healed.

Think what Tremol means to you—No More Loss of Time from Work—No More Leg Worry—Able to Enjoy Life—No More Resting the Leg—Renewed Health and Vigour—Your Work Made a Pleasure—A New Vista of Life Opened Out Before You—Your Leg Made Sound and Well. Let every sufferer remember this:—

Tremol Treatment
CONQUERS BAD LEGS AT HOME.
HEALS BAD LEGS WITHOUT REST.
ENABLES YOU TO WORK IN COMFORT.
RELIEVES YOU FROM ALL LEG WORRY.
TRIUMPHS WHEN OTHERS HAVE FAILED.
BRINGS BETTER HEALTH AND ITS SUCCESS IS CERTAIN AND LASTING.

A Large Illustrated Book, giving full particulars of this powerful Remedy, and a Legal Guarantee to cure, together with a Beautifully Illustrated Album of Coloured Plates, and a List of Cured Cases in your own district, will be sent to every sufferer. The publication teems with sound advice, and contains much valuable information, and if you are a sufferer it is sure to be the means of bringing about your speedy and permanent recovery, even if doctors, hospitals, and specialists have failed to help you. Early application for the book is necessary, as only a limited number of copies is to be distributed.

DON'T FORGET THIS—You can cure yourself in your own home WITHOUT REST, OPERATION, RELAPSE, or FAILURE. This is not a chance to be missed, and you should write at once to the **NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS (Ward B.L.X.), GREAT CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER,** describing your case, and **THE BOOK, LEGAL GUARANTEE, BEAUTIFUL ALBUM, and LIST OF CURED CASES WILL BE SENT FREE.**

In addition to this Free Offer to all who write, the National Infirmary will give free consultations to sufferers who call. HOURS: 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. each weekday (Sundays excepted).

Post this Coupon to us to-day for Book and Free Advice, or call for Free Consultation.

This Book is sent free to sufferers, teems with sound advice and gives full particulars of the Tremol System of Treatment for Bad Legs.

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Please send me your Valuable Book, Illustrated Album and Legal Guarantee and List of Cured Patients in my district.

Signed .....
(Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Rev.)

Address .....

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A HOME WITHOUT 'ASPRO' MEANS GREAT RISK FOR EVERY MEMBER

To keep 'ASPRO' in the home when you are well means you will keep illness OUT and KEEP WELL. A household without 'ASPRO' takes great risks. For instance, 'ASPRO' will soothe away pain in 5 to 10 minutes—WITHOUT 'ASPRO' nights or days of pain may result. WITH 'ASPRO' you can break up a cold or 'flu attack when it first appears—WITHOUT 'ASPRO' you may have to lay up for a week or more. WITH 'ASPRO' you can banish rheumatic attacks in their early stages—WITHOUT 'ASPRO' rheumatic attacks will be prolonged and painful. WITH 'ASPRO' you can ensure a soothing night's sleep for the sleepless—WITHOUT 'ASPRO' the lack of sleep means a run-down constitution for those affected, leaving them open to attacks from all quarters for all kinds of complaints. WITH 'ASPRO' you can reduce feverish attacks in 5 to 10 minutes. In the case of children's complaints such as chicken pox, measles, scarlatina and similar complaints the effect of 'ASPRO' is to hasten the action of the complaint and bring out the rash—WITHOUT 'ASPRO' these complaints can assume a much more serious aspect, meaning perhaps prolonged illness, nursing and expense. 'ASPRO' neither harms the heart—creates craving—nausea or digestive troubles. It just does its work of soothing away pain and dispelling or dissolving the cause, and after the work is done it is speedily eliminated from the system. So you see 'ASPRO' not only stops pain—it saves you money—it protects every member of your family—it enables you to work when you could not work.

Read This EVIDENCE

Recommended by Doctor SAYS 'ASPRO' CREATES WONDERS

Miss F. Snewing of Westminster, writes to say she suffered for two years with headaches and nerve shock Recommended by Doctor to take 'ASPRO' and now free from pain. Recommends 'ASPRO' to all her friends.

'Indispensable Says Nurse

Nurse B. S. of Birmingham used 'ASPRO' for an old patient who had bad attack of 'Flu. Says results were most effective. Recommends 'ASPRO' for colds. "They are indispensable in the house," she says.

32, Hungerford Street,
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Dear Sirs,

I cannot express myself in sufficient words of the praise that I wish to bestow on your marvellous product 'ASPRO.' I can positively state that it creates wonders. My wife had a slight touch of the 'flu and one dose absolutely made it disappear. I myself take it for headaches and toothache and there is nothing in the world to compare with 'ASPRO' in relieving the pains. I even give it to my baby for coughs.

Wishing 'ASPRO' the greatest of prosperity,—I remain, yours gratefully,

(Signed) Mr. L. ZAIDMAN.

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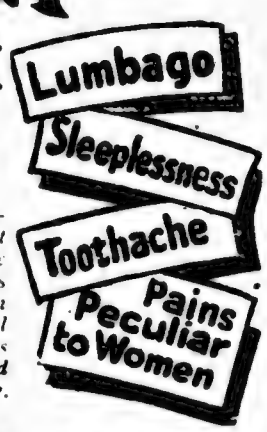

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PER PACKET

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains 60 tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO' for 2/6.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES, INCLUDING BOOTS — TAYLORS — TIMOTHY WHITES — SQUIRES — NEEDHAMS, ETC., STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

THE GRAVES 'TRIUMPH' BARGAIN BALE

Is the most amazing Quality and Value Offer ever put before the readers of this journal.

It includes the following superb quality goods:

One Pair WHITE FLEECY BLANKETS with Blue Borders. Warranted to wear and wash well. Whipped edges. Size 63 x 86ins. Weight 7lbs pr.

One Pair ALL WHITE FLEECY BLANKETS of excellent make and finish. Extremely durable. Whipped edges. Size 60 x 80ins. Weight 6lbs pr.

One Pair GREY BOLTON TWILL SHEETS of guaranteed quality. Hemmed and finished ready for use. Size 70 x 90ins. Weight 4lbs pair.

A COLOURED ALHAMBRA QUILT of tasteful design, finished and hemmed ready for use

A BLEACHED DAMASK TABLE CLOTH in a very handsome dice design, beautifully finished. Size 54ins square.

Two pure WHITE PILLOW CASES with flap and buttoned ends. Size 20 x 30ins.

A pure WHITE BOLSTER CASE to match, size 20 x 60ins.

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VERY IMPORTANT

By way of extra benefit, and to demonstrate that reliable Sheffield Cutlery is still the finest product of its kind in the World, we are including in the Graves 'TRIUMPH' Bargain Bale a 16 piece Sheffield Cutlery & Plate Service for the use of four persons.

The 16 PIECE SERVICE comprises 4 Knives of Stainless Sheffield Steel with keen edged blades and beautiful ivory grained handles; 4 Dessert Size Forks, 4 Dessert Size Spoons, and 4 Tea Spoons of 'Columbian' Silver, an amalgam of metals which resists acid stains and wears perfectly white and silver-like all through.

The Complete Bale (including the 16-piece Cutlery Service) Carriage Paid £3

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DOGGED DOES IT!

Helping Mother—

—to pull through

A VERY motherly soul is Mrs. Gritty, needing all her courage and tenderness to carry her through life.

Her husband is dropsical, and has suffered for the last nine years with tuberculosis. "I cannot get what I should like for him," she laments.

The eldest of the family has been a cripple since the age of two. His mother had only just got over smallpox when he was born.

Now, at the age of twenty-five, he is bent double and walks with difficulty. He is not capable of earning his living.

Two years ago, her daughter, then aged twenty, was brought home from work, having collapsed with "sleeping sickness."

Mrs. Gritty tenderly nursed her for seven months. Now she can work for two or three weeks at a time, but she gets depressed and has shocking headaches.

Mrs. Gritty had a bad set-back last December when her little nephew was killed by a motor-lorry at the top of their street.

The brighter side of the family is represented by the two youngest children, a clever girl of thirteen and her young brother.

Mrs. Gritty's health is poor, and there are times, when she feels like "running away from it all." "But," she says, "I've stuck it. Perhaps God will help me to carry on."

We feel sure our readers will prove sympathetic friends, by sending something to "The Greatest of These——" Fund, so that we can relieve her of some of her anxiety.

"The Greatest of These—"

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Registered under the War Charities' Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* The Hon. Secretary, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These——" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

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(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

RHEUMATISM

Conquered When Doctors and Hospitals Had Failed.

Sir,—I have suffered with RHEUMATISM since 1917, and have been in various hospitals and under doctors' treatment until 3 months ago. I was crippled to such an extent that I could not help myself in any way, not even to wash or feed myself, and could not walk without a stick. I have been taking Urace Tablets three months, and now I have found great relief. They have done me a world of good, and I shall lose no opportunity in recommending Urace to anyone suffering as I did.—Yours truly, Mr. W. HOPE, Copenhagen Street, Worcester.

Severe Backache Cured.

Dear Sirs,—I have suffered awful pains in my back and head, and have spent a lot on doctors and other advertised medicines, but I had 2 boxes of Urace Tablets and I can honestly say I feel a new person and I only wish I could make others believe me when I say they are indeed a great help to everyone suffering pain.—Yours truly, Mrs. GILBERT, Queen's Road, Barnsley.

URACE and URACE alone can relieve Rheumatism and kindred complaints. It directly attacks the cause—uric acid—dissolves and expels it from the system and prevents its reappearance. That is why URACE has succeeded when scores of other treatments have failed. That is why URACE is so freely prescribed and supported by the Medical Profession.

1/3, 3/- & 5/- Per Box. From Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors and all Chemists and Stores, or direct from the URACE Laboratories, 52, 53, Thomas St., London, S.E.1.

URACE TABLETS for *Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Gout, Cramp, Influenza, Backache, Nerve Pains, Kidney Troubles, Sciatica, etc., etc.*

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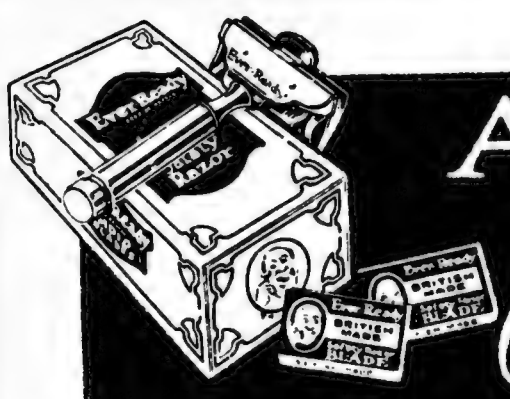

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By arrangement with the makers of the Ever-Ready Safety Razors. EVERY PURCHASER of a Pears' Shaving Stick or Speedishave Powder WILL BE PRESENTED WITH ONE FREE

EVER-READY RAZOR

with Two British Made Ever-Ready BLADES

GOLDEN STICK 1/3 SPEEDISHAVE 1/6 SILVER STICK 1/-

Buy ONE of the three—and the razor is free!

See this announcement in colour in your Dealer's window—he can supply you

PSS 70-262.

C. B. (*Luton*).—*"My wife wanted to stand for Parliament"* . . . .

Write to "John Bull" about it!

The EDITOR Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

A. N. (Egham).—"I can't stop work." Then we suppose that it will have to go on.

C. A. (Cheltenham).—"I am losing my memory and it is worrying me." Never mind. Just forget all about it.

C. T. (Strood).—"I suppose I ought to alter my mind." We suggest that you give it a thorough overhaul.

J. T. (Amersham).—"I am voting for the first time at this election." No wonder politicians are getting excited.

G. H. (Harwood).—"I can't sleep." Try lying on the edge of the bed and you may drop off.

R. D. (Mitcham).—"Does tennis cause a girl to lose her good looks?" Well, it is apt to give her a set expression.

G. N. (Tring).—"I know what I know." Never mind. Everybody has to start in a small way.

C. R. (Sarrat).—"She doesn't tell people her age now." Perhaps her age is telling on her.

P. B. (Edinburgh).—"Frankness is the modern girl's long suit." Well, it's a good thing she's got something long.

P. I. (London).—"What is Dean Inge's favourite hymn?" Something about the encircling gloom, we expect.

C. M. (Dorchester).—"My aim is to be a writer." Don't use us as a practice target.

D. L. (Hull).—"One of my relations made a disastrous marriage." Was it your wife?

C. V. (Rugby).—"My brains are my fortune." Never mind; poverty is no crime.

B. E. (Staines).—"Why do women flock to weddings?" They like to know what a girl is married in and to.

L. T. (Southampton).—"I was married before the war." Then war was no novelty for you.

G. K. (Hythe).—"My wife keeps telling me to buy a car; what am I going to do?" Buy a car.

E. Y. (Barnes).—"The more motorists there are, the fewer Communists there will be." The more motorists there are, the fewer there will be of anybody.

C. T. (Marlow).—"My daughter can't make cakes like her mother can." Can your son make dough like his father can?

A. M. (London, E.).—"I enclose a song I have written. Is there any hope for it?" Certainly—all it needs is new words and music.

G. H. (Hampstead).—"I have invented a printing machine that pays for itself." As soon as it has done that, you may deliver it.

M. P. (Manchester).—"I have had a college education." That won't matter if you're willing to learn something afterwards.

S. H. (Catford).—"When I got home last night my wife had a wonderful dinner, my pipe and my slippers all ready." And did she get all your ready?

A. Y. (Bolton).—"He shouted out an insulting remark, and although I am a small man I knocked him down." Did you lose your driving licence?

L. B. (Wantage).—"I believe that our golf course is haunted." Bogey, bogey!

J. D. (Egham).—"Two's company." Until they become one.

V. H. (Barnes).—"We owe nothing to the weekly Press." What about the crease in your Sunday trousers?

M. K. (Ardleigh).—"I have decided never to become a Member of Parliament." That makes it unanimous.

B. N. (S.E.9).—"I have just joined our local glee party." That ought to take some of the glee out of them.

G. S. E. (Islington).—"Wise men hesitate; only fools are certain." Are you certain?

N. H. (Uxbridge).—"Whenever I can't sleep I get up and write articles." Insomnia is a terrible thing.

B. H. (Grantham).—"We parted the best of friends." What had they done to you?

D. C. (Barnsley).—"I can hardly get anything on my wireless set." Haven't you anything else you can pawn?

C. L. (Hinckley).—"My wife was struck speechless by the view." Isn't Nature wonderful?

R. N. (Dagenham).—"I always say what I think." You don't have much to say, do you?

M. A. (Homerton).—"I am not interested in spiritualism." You don't care a rap for it.

S. P. (Bodmin).—"There's nothing to be picked up without trouble." Except trouble.

STUDENT (Glasgow).—"The Bible tells how a lion was killed by the jaw-bone of an ass." And even editors have quailed before it.

B. H. (Crewe).—"My brother always wears a cap; I wear a bowler on the other hand." What do you wear on your head?

S. M. (Tewkesbury).—"I am indebted to my old schoolmaster for what I am now." Be a man and take the blame yourself.

W. I. (Leatherhead).—"In order to look like English ladies the Turkish women have taken off their veils." They will have to take off more than that.

J. L. (Launceston).—"I am quite well known at most of the hotels on the South Coast." Still, you can always go to one of the other coasts.

F. R. P. (Totnes).—"I can write a poem like this before breakfast and think nothing of it." Your valuation is correct.

G. T. (Gravesend).—"What is the difference between outlaws and in-laws?" Outlaws don't promise to pay you back.

F. K. (Reading).—"Two can live as cheaply as one." But not as quietly.

S. D. (Star Cross).—"My wife always laughs heartily at my jokes." Either they're good jokes or she is a good wife.

C. M. (Notting Hill).—"I am not much good at public speaking." To "er—er" is human.

F. S. (Hampton Wick).—"A rich man always has plenty of friends." Friends in need, as a rule.

B. T. F. (Berwick).—"What is a good cure for dry rot?" Switch off the wireless set.

V. N. (Dewsbury).—"Drink is our greatest foe." Don't some people love their enemies!

MRS. F. P. (Truro).—"The English husband is the best in the world." The hub of the universe.

J. L. (Saltash).—"A man usually looks his age." A woman generally overlooks hers.

R. T. (Gosport).—"She never looks me in the face now." After all, she belongs to the weaker sex.

B. S. (Wisbech).—"If I told you what I know, you wouldn't be any the wiser." We agree.

ACTOR (Manchester).—"Our touring company travelled by car to save expense, but came to grief on the road." Crash, or cash?

F. R. (Bristol).—"If I get enough money for these three articles, I shall go abroad for a few months." You almost tempt us.

T. R. (Wendover).—"What is the hardest piece of music you know?" Our neighbour's one, and apparently unbreakable, gramophone record.

DOLLY (Wembley).—"I see that a film actress has just remarried her first husband." She must have a bad memory for faces.

T. B. G. (Hastings).—"I'm thinking of buying a car—I've been offered a real bargain." Think of a £1,000 "Bullet" this week and drive your bargain home.

G. F. (Halifax).—"I won my club's walking race three times running." Then you ought to have been disqualified.

D. M. (Colchester).—"Don't you think it is good of me to send you a photograph of my bulldog?" Yes, it's just like you.

C. E. (Richmond).—"It isn't the school itself that my son objects to." It's just the principal of the thing, perhaps.

FLORRIE (Hull).—"I think every girl ought to have a few hubbies." Or was it "hobbies"? Please write more legibly.

. . . . *What an opportunity you'd have had then to attend her meetings and get in a bit of heckling!*

C. R. (Ewell).—"Derby Day will soon be here; shall you put anything on?" Yes, clothes.

C. T. (Highbury).—"If I call on you will you be out?" Yes, out of luck, if we're in.

PUNTER (Merthyr).—"Too many hot favourites fail." And if they don't, your bookie probably will.

F. H. (Ilkley).—"Some married men won't listen to reason." The majority don't get the opportunity.

MISS F. G. (Bournemouth).—"Don't you think men would prefer brighter clothes?" Lighter ties would be welcomed.

MRS. H. K. (Dundee).—"I am trying to reduce, but am not having much success." Women always were bad losers.

(*Many replies unavoidably held over.*)

Side Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slips."

BRADFORD DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"In Bradford alone over 4,200,000 PAMPHLETS AND SHEETS . . . will be sent to EVERY HOUSE in the city."

PICTURE SHOW:—"She swallowed hard to keep back the tears that kept coming up into her THROAT."

TIT-BITS:—"He sat for several minutes without moving, his eyes LOOKING THROUGH THE WALLS of the room."

LOUGHBOROUGH ECHO:—"Dutton completed the rout of Barrow by dismissing 59 BATSMEN for 4 runs."

WELWYN TIMES:—"They were beaten by eight goals to none. Through fine play . . . were able to keep the score BELOW THREE FIGURES."

BURY TIMES:—"It has been agreed . . . to grant a FREE PASS . . . at a charge of one guinea per annum."

BATH CHRONICLE (Advt.):—"Required, small, WELL-UNFURNISHED house."

PEARSON'S WEEKLY:—"With a little new and SHARP revolver in his hip pocket."

THE RAINBOW:—"'I am glad to see you,' she CRIED IN A WHISPER."

STRATFORD EXPRESS:—"TEARS were streaming down his VOICE."

WESTERN MORNING NEWS:—"Everybody admits that the Liberals will come back STRANGER than they are now."

SUNDAY NEWS:—"Webb threatened to blow his head off. No further FRIENDLINESS happened until March 2."

YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS:—"The South of U.S.A. grows oranges, figs, melons and a great quantity of PRESERVED FRUITS, especially TINNED MEATS."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS (Advt.):—"Royal Typewriter. No FURTHER USE. Bargain."

MARRIAGE STORY MAGAZINE:—"The sunshine was no more golden than her hair and the SKIES NO BLUER."

THE SPORTING POST:—"Thanks, now you keep your TONGUE CLOSED."

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Send me your length and bust measure, PAY DOWN 2/- (*no further payment is required until you have had the Coat one month*), and agree to pay 6/- per month.

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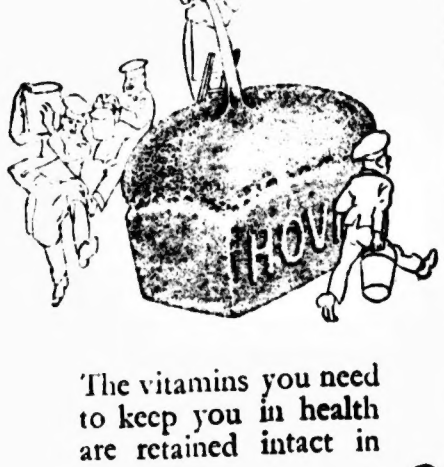

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HOW TO MAKE A "BULLET"

THE task before you is simple. All you have to do is to take one of the *Examples* on this page and add some apt and original comment of TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS. For instance, were you to choose the *Example*, IN LIFE'S CINEMA and add the words "TITLE" MAY FOLLOW "DEEDS," that would form a complete *Bullet*. Let the winners below guide you to success.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 715

FIRST PRIZE OF £300

Mr. G. E. TAPPENDEN, 86, The Broadway, Knaphill, Nr. Woking.
Example :—BRITAIN'S BIGGEST
Bullet :—WHEN HER TROUBLE IS.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. G. MURRAY, Artillery Park, Haddington, N.B
Example :—HE MEANT WELL, BUT
Bullet :—THE ELECTORS *Thought* WELL.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. W. STANSBURY, 96, Prospect Road, Longwood, Huddersfield.
Example :—HER WISDOM
Bullet :—GOOD "FLASHLIGHT"—POOR "TORCH."

20 Wireless Set Winners:

C. ASHERR, c/o Trawlers & Drifters Stores, Suffolk Road, Lowestoft.
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S. BANNISTER, Chapel House, Hatton, Nr. Warrington
HOW TO MAKE LOVE—DIE—LIVE ON IT.

Mrs. N. BURRAS, 2, Seaforth Place, Leeds.
REAL COMEDIAN—LOSING CANDIDATE EXPLAINING DEFEAT.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon).

D. COX, 93, Stanley Road, Bootle, Lancs.
SAID TO THE CANVASSER—"ROADS? IMPROVE 'GUTTER' FIRST!".

Mrs. L. EDEN, 11, Innage Road, Northfields, B'ham
NOT A SUCCESS—CANVASSER—DOG GOT "SEAT."

Miss A. GILL, Waterloo House, 207, Uppingham Road Leicester.
BRITAIN'S BIGGEST—BECAUSE SHE "SPREADS HERSELF."

A. L. GRIFFITHS, 32, Battery Place, Rothesay.
TIME THE HEALER—MEANWHILE, DISARMAMENT BEST "TONIC."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

L. HITCHCOCK, 15, Old Block, Elson, Gosport.
FUTILE—"REARING" FOR WAR'S "PLUNGE."

Miss KIRK, 29, Dovecot Street, Stockton-on-Tees.
REAL COMEDIAN—DENOUNCING "RED NOSES"—"JIX."

J. LEWIS, St. Mario, Marina Avenue, Bognor.
ELIGIBLE YOUNG MAN—POWER *Beside* THE THRONE.

I. H. LOWE, 7, Queen Victoria Street, Reading.
MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING—BUT PENNY SAVES ARREST.

J. MACKINLAY, 76, Hill Street, Glasgow.
ELIGIBLE YOUNG MAN—"JILL" *Isn't* "TUMBLING AFTER."

Mrs. S. MUNRO, 80, Church Street, Inverness.
MY GARDEN—EMPLOYS BODY—UNEMPLOYMENT. MIND.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

PICKERILL, Calveley, Tarporley, Ches.
NOT A SUCCESS—PICNIC WIRELESS—LECTURE, "EARWIGS."

T. ROYLE, Royal Artillery Band, Woolwich, S.E.
MY GARDEN—EVERYTHING SLUGGISH—EXCEPT SLUGS.

L. SCHOFIELD, 4, Lunan Terrace, Harehills, Leeds.
MY GARDEN—CANDIDATE EVEN PRAISED *That!*

A. STANDLEY, Wilton, Redcar, Yorks.
MY GARDEN—FLOWERS SENT IN SYMPATHY.

G. A. SUMMERS, 70, Radford Road, Nottingham.
SHOWS HE'S A MAN—HIS MEN SAY SO.

Mrs. J. THOMPSON, 61, Salter Street, Preston.
BAD MANNERS—CALLED "MODERN SPIRIT" NOW.

R. O. WILLIAMS, Plasgwyn, Priory Crescent, Bridlington.
REAL COMEDIAN—PRODUCES LAUGHS, NOT BLUSHES.

A list of 25 £1 and 50 10/- winners will be published in "Bullets Bulletin," a copy of which will be sent to all prize-winners. A list of 1,000 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "JOHN BULL."

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

☛ Any reader may obtain a free copy of "Bullets Bulletin," our new help for competitors, by forwarding halfpenny stamped addressed envelope. Sixpenny P.O., crossed and made payable to "JOHN BULL," brings 12 issues post free. Address: "Bulletin" Dept., "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £2,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 714 will be displayed in the window of Mr. H. Holmes 62 High Street, Woodford Bridge.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 710 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 718.

"GOD SAVE THE KING!"
BRITAIN'S WORD
STRUGGLE OF GIANTS
NEW MEMBERS
BACK TO WESTMINSTER
OPENING CHORUS
WITHOUT QUESTION
SURPRISE FOR HER
LOVE'S LESSON
IN LIFE'S CINEMA
SENSE OF SECURITY
ENGAGED
ONCE IN A WHILE
STILL ALLOWED
THE LATEST VICTIM
OUR CORNFIELDS
EVERLASTING
WHY HE'S UNPOPULAR
NOW IT'S ALL OVER
BEST BRAINS
PROMISES AND PERFORMANCES
WE'LL STAND A LOT, BUT
UNFINISHED
VOICE OF REASON
AFTER ANOTHER
"WATCH ME DO IT!"
KING OF THE CASTLE
COUNTING HIS WINNINGS
ON THE GREEN
TOO LONG TO WAIT
DRIVING POWER
IN A CLOUD
EARLY HOLIDAYS
RETURNED
LOST AGAIN
FROM THE FIRST
WE LIVE AND LEARN
REMAINS UNMOVED
TAKING HER PLACE
WHAT WILL HAPPEN NOW?

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, June 8.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(718) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, June 8.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(718) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Use Two, Three, or Four words. Enter name and address on each coupon

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, June 8.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(718) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, June 8.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(718) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

☛ **Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 718, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**

Free Yourself of Truss Discomfort without Pain, Operation or Loss of Time

For your benefit we take pleasure in publishing the Brooks offer to save all who are ruptured from wearing trusses and other painful makeshifts that do not help.

The Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., gladly sends this remarkable Appliance ON TRIAL to prove that it holds the rupture back, keeps it in place, prevents it coming down or slipping out and finally relieves it entirely.

NO man or woman ever can look and feel his or her best while suffering the torment, pain, and discomfort of rupture. Every day that you suffer from rupture—every hour of truss discomfort that you endure—after you read this advertisement *is your own fault.*

For many years we have been telling you that no truss will ever help you. We have told you about the harm trusses may do.

We have told you that the truly comfortable, sanitary, and scientific device for holding rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

Now we offer to prove it to you entirely at our risk.

We will send you a Brooks Rupture Appliance *on trial.* If you really want to be rid of your rupture, fill in the coupon below and post it to-day. Instead of wearing a steel spring try the *velvet soft* Brooks Appliance. Instead of the hard pad of a truss, use the *soft rubber automatic air-cushion* of a Brooks Appliance.

The Brooks Appliance clings to you without force, and you are hardly conscious of its presence. And, above all else, it HOLDS ALWAYS.

Within an hour after you receive the Brooks Appliance, if you take advantage of this remarkable trial offer, you will throw away your truss for ever.

Over 514,000 People have accepted this Offer. Why not You?

Doesn't that prove that the Brooks Appliance is not an experiment but a positive success—that it does all we claim for it?

Among these 514,000 men, women and children there must be *hundreds whose condition was identical with yours.* Can you afford not to investigate and satisfy yourself when it costs you nothing to prove what the Brooks Appliance will do for *you*?

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who overcame his rupture over 30 years ago, and patented the Appliance from his personal experience. If ruptured, write to-day.

This wonderful device is a triumph of scientific and mechanical genius, the result of more than 30 years' experience, and the percentage of successes effected by its use is very great.

Many hundreds of physicians and surgeons recommend the Brooks Appliance and condemn trusses as more harmful and dangerous than other methods of treatment. Thousands of people have written us to testify to the amazing results they have secured from this great invention. Many of these people live in your vicinity, and we will be glad to send you copies of their thankful letters if you will ask for them when you write.

Ten Reasons Why you should accept THIS FREE OFFER.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance embodying the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air-cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike ordinary so-called pads, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft, and pliable.
6. The soft, pliable bands give one a pleasant sensation of buoyancy and ease.
7. It is thoroughly sanitary; it can be washed without any injury.
8. There are no metal springs in the appliance to hurt one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All materials are the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe appliance to wear.
10. Our reputation is so thoroughly established and our prices so reasonable, our terms so fair, that you should not hesitate to send the free coupon to-day.

Men, Women and Children find the Brooks Appliance Equally Effective.

No matter if your rupture is old and severe or only recently developed, no matter if you are young or old, you should not fail to profit by this **No-risk Trial Offer.**

No other rupture support, truss, device, pad or plaster is offered to the public under so broad a guarantee of satisfaction. If for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep the Brooks Appliance after you try it, send it back. You do not have to give any reason. There will be no question or quibble. There will be no argument, no dispute or misunderstanding.

REMEMBER

We send you the Appliance on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill in the coupon below and post to-day to either the Manchester or London address, whichever you like.

If in Manchester or London call at our consulting rooms. Experienced and capable fitters for ladies and gentlemen. Special attention given to children. Lady nurses always in attendance at both offices.

National Insurance Benefit

If you are a member of an Approved Society, you may, under the additional benefits scheme, be entitled to an Appliance free through your Society. We have furnished many appliances in this way and are always glad to do so. Be sure you specify definitely to your Society and particularly to your Doctor that it is a BROOKS RUPTURE APPLIANCE you want.

The Secretary of your Society will tell you how to go about it.

Even if you are not entitled to a grant owing to your not being in benefit, we may be able to help you. Ask your Secretary to write us regarding your case, but first fill in the coupon in the column opposite.

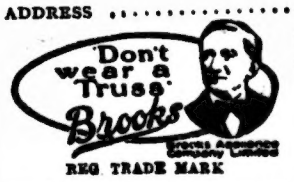
FREE INFORMATION COUPON.

BROOKS APPLIANCE COMPANY, LTD.
(468H) 274, Deansgate, MANCHESTER.
(468H) 80, Chancery Lane, LONDON, W.C.2.

Without cost or obligation on my part please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for Rupture, and your trial offer. *Please write plainly.*

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....



REG. TRADE MARK

If you are State insured, give here the name and address of your Approved Society.

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Send the FREE Coupon to either the Manchester or London Office—*whichever is most convenient.* But send it NOW.

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